

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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No. 609.—VOL. IX.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

PRICE 3D.—STAMPED 4D.

## THE "CONSCIENCE CLAUSE."

Do our readers know what the "conscience clause" is about which such a fuss is being made by certain of the clergy just now? Well, it is a simple affair enough, and, one would fancy, tolerably innocent of offensive characteristics. Not so, however, think Archdeacon Denison and a party among the clergy of the Established Church. This "conscience clause" is a proviso adopted by the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, and is to the effect that in the constitution of all schools to which grants of public money for buildings are given, it shall be provided that religious instruction is not to be forced upon any pupil whose parents or guardians object thereto. Not much to find fault with in that, surely?

There are few parishes in which at least some Dissenters are not to be found; and it is surely not unreasonable that the children of such parents should be protected against the proselytising zeal of the Incumbent. In populous parishes, in which Dissent is prevalent and schools numerous, probably no difficulty would ever arise on the point. If the Established clergyman there be offensively persistent in obtruding the doctrines of the Church upon pupils in his school, parents can have no trouble in finding another to which to send their children. In small and rural parishes, however, where the Church school is probably the only one available, the case is very different. There Dissenting parents may have no choice between leaving their children altogether uneducated and allowing them to be imbued with doctrines of which they disapprove. And as the money disbursed by the Committee of Council is contributed by Dissenters as well as by Churchmen, it is no more than reasonable that some such protection should be afforded as that provided by the "conscience clause."

Of course, we have the cry raised, on this very simple question, about the evils of non-religious education, as if all education must necessarily be anti-religious that is not imparted under the superintendence of a clergyman of the Church of England, and as if all

men must needs be irreligious who cannot conscientiously subscribe to all *her* dogmas and utter all *her* special shibboleths. The question, in fact, is not between religious and irreligious education, but between sectarian education and no education at all.

denominations; they must submit to the like safeguards against abuse of their privileges as are exacted from other participants in grants from the public funds. The "conscience clause" is not aimed at the Churchmen alone; it is applicable to all would-be recipients of building subsidies.

And what is fair for one denomination is fair for all; what is oppressive to Dissenters surely cannot be offensive to Churchmen. If Archdeacon Denison, and those who think with him, cannot conscientiously comply with the provisions of the "conscience clause," they had better abstain from dipping their hands in the public purse. Let them keep their schools in the position of purely private ventures, and then no one will seek to interfere with the teaching imparted in them.

The "principles of the Church of England," when it is agreed—which is far from being the case at present—what those principles are, may be taught in all their purity in purely Church schools, erected and maintained solely by Churchmen; but no school that accepts aid from the national funds is, or can be, a purely Church school. The moment an institution accepts State aid, it loses its freedom—it becomes a State institution, liable to be governed in accordance with whatever rules the State may choose to impose. This is precisely the thing which the objectors to the "conscience clause" seem incapable of understanding. Whatever is in connection with the Church, they deem the property of the Church, by which word they generally mean the clergy, really though not ostensibly; and cannot conceive that the State—by which we mean the people as a whole—have anything whatever to do with the matter, except to pay. Archdeacon Denison puts the meaning of his party beyond dispute when he says:—"A clergyman of the Church of England has, first, to educate the children of the Church in the

principles of the Church of England, basing all his teaching upon, and leavening it throughout with, these principles. This is his proper business in his school. If he sees his way to admitting into that school the children of Dissenters, as



THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL, LAIELY ERECTED ON NORTH NIBLEY KNOLL.—(MR. G. S. TEULON, LONDON, ARCHITECT.)

We have as little desire to coerce the consciences of clergymen of the Church as those of any other class of men; but we maintain that if they accept public aid for their schools they must do so on the same conditions as other



very many do in order to bringing them to be Church children, that is his second business. But it is not, and never can be, his business to have children in his school whom he can either teach no religion or such religion only as is not the religion of the Church of England." If the school were the clergyman's, the Archdeacon would be perfectly right; but if a clergyman accept State aid for his school, the school ceases to be wholly his, and becomes that of the State in proportion to the extent of the subsidy the State has contributed.

At all events, if the State is to contribute to the building or maintenance of schools it must have the right to fix the conditions on which its aid shall be given. The donors, not the recipients, of help are entitled to dictate the terms on which their assistance shall be afforded. This is no more than reasonable. Those parties—be they Churchmen or Dissenters, clergymen or laymen—who are unable to submit to this law, will best consult their own dignity and secure their own freedom by rejecting all aid from the public funds and depending entirely on their own resources. This is the course we should recommend Archdeacon Denison and the rest of the "conscience-clause" recusants to follow. While they maintain their own freedom of action, let them respect the freedom of others. While they reject State control, let them also reject State pay. That is the only wise, the only just, the only dignified course.

We should be sorry to impute unworthy motives to anyone in this matter. We daresay most of the party in the Church represented by the deputation that waited upon Lord Derby the other day are perfectly sincere in the opinions they express. We do not doubt their zeal. It is the smallness, the narrowness, the uncatholicity of their views to which we object. It is a truth—and "pity 'tis 'tis true"—that on all educational questions, clergymen seem incapable of taking large or philosophical views; their vision is circumscribed within the narrow range of sectarianism; they can never attain to the height of the great argument that it is more worthy to seek for general good than to strive after mere denominational advantages. Clergymen of all sorts—not of the Church merely, for all are distinguished by the same characteristic—care not for strengthening the great Christian army; they only desire to be recruiting-sergeants for their own particular corps. This is greatly to be lamented; for, while such paltry views hold sway, neither education nor Christianity will make the progress that it ought.

#### MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM TYNDALE.

A CEREMONY of an interesting character, not merely to those who took part in it, but to Protestants generally, took place on Tuesday, Nov. 6, at North Nibley, a village about two miles from Wotton-under-Edge, in the county of Gloucester. The ceremony was the inauguration by the Lord Lieutenant of the county (the Earl of Ducie) of the memorial raised to the memory of William Tyndale, upon the summit of Nibley Knoll. Tyndale, as most of our readers are aware, was one of the first translators into English and printers of the Bible, and it is generally believed that he was born, about the year 1484, in the parish of North Nibley. There are some persons who claim for Stinchcombe the honour of being the place of his nativity; but there is, we believe, no evidence to support the claim. Indeed, there is little beyond conjecture to guide any one in fixing upon the exact place of his birth; and in North Nibley two houses are indicated as the identical premises in which he first drew breath. The Black Horse Inn—an old building certainly, but one, we should think, of a later date than Tyndale—used formerly to bear an inscription setting forth that that was Tyndale's birthplace; but the inscription has now disappeared. Tyndale spent some time at the University of Oxford, and afterwards went to Cambridge, it is thought, for the purpose of profiting by the Greek lectures of Erasmus. About 1522 he was living as tutor in the family of Sir J. Walsh, of Little Sodbury, and spent his leisure time in the translation of the Scriptures; but he was obliged to leave that neighbourhood in consequence of the bitter persecutions to which he was subjected by the people. On his departure he told one of his most violent opponents "that if God spared him, ere many years he would cause a boy that driveth the plough to know more of the Scriptures than he did." Finding that there was no hope of printing and publishing his translations in England, Tyndale went to Hamburg and Cologne, pursuing his work in secret; but he was discovered, and fled to Worms. He resided for some time at Antwerp, and various attempts were made by his enemies to induce him to return to England. Vaughan, who was then English ambassador there, worked against him, and at length Tyndale was betrayed into the hands of the Government of the Netherlands; was, through the intrigues of two Englishmen, convicted of heresy, and was, on the 6th of October, 1536, strangled and burnt, at Vilverden, near Brussels. Such is a brief sketch of the chief events in the life of Tyndale, and a few years ago, some three centuries and a half after his martyrdom, it occurred to a few gentlemen who were living in the neighbourhood of Nibley that a monument to his memory should be raised, and that no more fitting place for it could be found than the knoll which overlooks the property on which he is supposed to have been born. A committee was appointed, a sum of money was raised, the execution of the work intrusted to Mr. S. S. Teulon, architect, of Craig's-court, London; and on May 29, 1863, the foundation-stone was laid by Colonel Berkeley, whose father (Earl Fitzhardinge) had, jointly with the freeholders, placed four acres of land at the disposal of the committee. The memorial is a cenotaph, consisting of a square tower, 26 ft. 6 in. square at the base, narrowing by gradation to 2 ft. at the top, where a cornice sustains a pyramidal roof, vaulted within. The tower is 3 ft. in length, is ascended by a spiral staircase, leading on to a gallery, whence, through large apertures, extensive views of the lovely scenery of the surrounding country can be obtained. It had been intended that the four cardinal points should be adorned with sculptures representing incidents in the life of Tyndale, but for some reason or other this has not been done. The total cost has been £1550, and there is a debt remaining of about £800.

The inaugural ceremony was favoured with charming autumn weather, and was regarded by the inhabitants of the locality as a general holiday, the tradesmen of Wotton-under-Edge closing their shops during the greater part of the day. A procession was formed at the White Hart Inn, North Nibley, at one o'clock, and was composed of the members of the Wotton-under-Edge Odd Fellows, headed by an excellent brass band, the lord lieutenant, and a number of the clergy and gentry of the neighbourhood. The proceedings were commenced by the Rev. J. S. Austin, one of the hon. secretaries, who read an address, and then handed to the Earl of Ducie the key of the building, and requested him to unlock the door as the act of inauguration. This having been done, the noble Earl said:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—We meet together to do honour to the memory of William Tyndale, one of those of whom the world, at the time in which he lived, was not worthy. We, however, who live in happier times, have learnt to recognise his services. I confess I can find no excuse for the tardy recog-

nition of them. I can only congratulate you and the committee that this column has been the result of the labours of the ministers and laymen of all Protestant denominations. It is, perhaps, difficult for us that live in these quiet times, when the Bible is accessible to all, to realise how great a work Tyndale performed; how, by his translation of the Bible into the vernacular, he was made the means of lessening our superstition, of purifying our creed, and in a lesser degree of fixing our language; and, in short, how his work became the basis of that spiritual and temporal liberty which we now enjoy. It is also, I think, still more difficult, in these happier times of toleration, to realise the sufferings which he underwent in his lifelong exile and the bitter persecution that hunted him from place to place, and the hatred and obloquy which followed him to the martyr's grave. Anybody who now would be so persecuted would meet with sympathising friends, and probably receive a testimonial far more than equivalent for any suffering he underwent. Perhaps the best way of comparing the results of this great gift that Tyndale gave to his country is to compare it with another great gift which was given to another nation about the same time, or rather shortly before. Shortly before Tyndale gave the Bible to the British nation Columbus gave to Spain a new world, and let the experience of three centuries say which was the best gift of the two—whether the presentation of a quarter of the world, teeming with all the produce of nature, was equal in value to the humble volumes that Tyndale sent from time to time surreptitiously into his native country. What the history of Spain has been, and what she is now, I leave to those who are here to remember. What England is now we all know—how prosperous she is, and how she abounds in everything that makes a nation great and free. I am sure no one will deny that the promulgation of the truth that makes us free is the basis of all our liberty and national prosperity. I am sure no one will deny that the promulgation of these Scriptures, to which we owe so much, is mainly due to William Tyndale; and let us solemnly dedicate this monument to his honour, and while we do so let us do that which he now probably would have recognised as a more true and a better way of endeavouring to pay the debt which we owe to him—to endeavour to keep those Scriptures which he gave us intact, and let us jealously watch and strenuously guard against the least shadow of any return of the system which kept England so many centuries in darkness, and to which the illustrious martyr whose death and labours we come to celebrate to-day fell a victim.

The Rev. A. G. Cornwall (one of the hon. secretaries) then offered a suitable prayer, after which a hymn, written for the occasion, was sung by the assemblage.

Addresses were also delivered by Mr. J. Curtis Nayward, the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, the Rev. A. G. Cornwall, the Rev. Mr. Hewlett, and the Rev. Canon Eden, after which the National Anthem was sung and a vote of thanks passed to the noble Earl for presiding.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial left Paris, on Tuesday afternoon, for Compiegne.

A levy for increasing the French navy has been ordered throughout the whole of the maritime inscription lists. One object of this levy is stated to be for the purpose of forming the crews of the transports which are to bring back the French troops from Mexico.

Admirals Rigault and Charner have been nominated members of the commission upon the reorganisation of the army, which will include in its investigations the system of recruiting for the navy.

#### BELGIUM.

The Belgian Chambers were opened on Tuesday by the King in person. His Majesty, in his speech on the occasion, alluded to the late war, and promised that Belgium's neutrality should continue to be loyally observed. He mentioned several bills which are to be introduced, and then spoke in a very complimentary manner of the recent Tir National and the visit of the English riflemen.

#### THE NETHERLANDS.

The second balloting for members to the Second Chamber took place on Wednesday. Twenty members were elected, twelve of whom were Conservatives, eight Liberals, and one uncertain.

It is difficult to determine which party will predominate in the Chamber, as so many new members have been elected. Of old members who have been re-elected, thirty voted for and twenty against the motion of M. Keuchenius, censuring the appointment of M. Meyer.

#### SWITZERLAND.

The Independent party have triumphed in the elections in Geneva, and in the quarter on the right bank of the river, and the Radicals have the majority on the left bank. The Grand Council will thus be composed of 63 members of the Independent party and 41 Radicals. Some rioting took place in connection with the voting, but order has again been restored.

#### ITALY.

The King of Italy, who has left Venice on a tour through the Venetian provinces, entered Udine on Wednesday, and was received with great enthusiasm. A Royal decree has been published, granting an amnesty to Venetian soldiers sentenced to imprisonment for desertions up to the 6th of May last.

The Papal Government, naturally suspicious under present circumstances, have discovered that arms are being imported into Rome, and on Wednesday the police seized some large stores. It is thought that the Government will order a general disarmament of the inhabitants.

Intelligence from Rome states that it has been decided at a secret consistory that if the Pope be obliged to quit Rome, he will seek an asylum in Malta. The ecclesiastical authorities of that island have received semi-official notification of this decision.

#### PRUSSIA.

The Prussian Government have determined that, whether the ex-King of Hanover absolve the officers formerly belonging to the Hanoverian army from their oath of allegiance or not, these officers shall be permitted to enter the military service of Prussia if desirous of so doing. It is, however, semi-officially declared that the Prussian Government will at all times respect the conscientious and religious scruples of the inhabitants of all the newly-acquired States.

At the reassembling of the Chambers on Monday the Finance Minister brought into the Chamber of Deputies the Budget for 1867. He stated that the power granted by the Chambers to contract a loan had not yet been made use of; 27,500,000 thalers had been paid into the Treasury. The revenue of 1866 showed a total of 168,804,000 thalers, including a sum of 4,600,000 thalers derived from war contributions, thereby exceeding the preliminary estimates by the amount of 7,210,000 thalers. Of this sum 2,400,000 thalers would be devoted to increasing the salaries of officials and school-teachers and to increasing the pay of the military forces.

#### AUSTRIA.

The Emperor has issued a decree appointing Baron von Beust, Minister for Foreign Affairs, Minister of the Imperial household.

Baron Anselm von Rothschild, the head of the firm of Rothschild in Vienna, has given up his rights of citizen of the town of Frankfurt, and has become a naturalised Austrian subject, acquiring the citizenship of the city of Vienna.

M. Deak has had an address presented to him, complimenting him upon his labours for Hungary. His reply was not very inspiring. He had to confess that his labours hitherto had been without result, but he avowed that he had not yet given up all hope. It is stated that the Royal rescript, which is to be communicated to the Hungarian Diet, is of a conciliatory character. The same authority, however, says that the rescript will insist that matters relating to the army, the public debt, and indirect taxation shall be treated in common. If this be so, it is certain the rescript will not have a favourable reception in Hungary. Another thing not likely to conciliate Hungary is the arrest of some former members of Klapka's Hungarian Legion. The authority for the statement, however, is a Berlin paper, and news of this description from that quarter is not to be implicitly relied upon.

#### CRETE.

Intelligence has been received from Candia stating that Mustapha Pacha has fulfilled the promise he made on the part of the Turkish Government, and, on the submission of the Candian insurgents, has

proclaimed a general amnesty and allowed the rebel leaders to leave the island.

#### RUSSIAN POLAND.

An Imperial decree has been issued, remitting the exceptional imposts, taxes, and monopolies in force in 450 towns of Russian Poland, and which had been established on the basis of ancient feudal laws, to the profit either of the Government or of the individual proprietors on whose land those towns were built. These rights are relinquished by the State without indemnity; the various landowners, however, will receive compensation for the loss of their privileges. It is computed that more than 400,000 citizens and peasants, the latter having their residence within the district of the towns referred to, will thus become proprietors of their estates in consideration of the payment of the necessary indemnities.

#### DENMARK.

The Danish Rigsdag was opened on Monday by King Christian in person. His Majesty read a speech from the Throne, in which he said:—

A bill for the dowry of Princess Dagmar will be laid before the Chambers. Denmark has not remained untouched by the political events that have recently taken place in the centre of Europe. By the treaty of peace concluded between Austria and Prussia at Prague, the latter Power has undertaken to restore North Schleswig, in so far as the population by free voting pronounce themselves in favour of such a step. Although this has not yet taken place, still the text of the treaty and the national direction in which European relations are now being developed, are a guarantee that we also shall obtain the natural frontiers necessary for the security of the country. This is the object towards which, since the Treaty of Vienna, our hopes have ever been directed. The justice of these hopes has been recognised by friendly Powers, and especially by the Government of the Emperor Napoleon, who has testified a warm interest in our country, and has thereby earned our profound gratitude. Denmark sees in the proposed settlement of the question a proof of the friendship of Prussia.

His Majesty further stated that preparations were being made for the defence of the kingdom, notably with regard to firearms, which were being placed upon an improved footing. The questions connected with the finances of the duchies were mainly settled, and the general financial position of the entire monarchy gave rise to no apprehensions for the future.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

We have advices from New York to the 3rd inst.

General Sherman had started for Mexico on a political mission. Governor Swann had removed the Baltimore police commissioners. He states in his decision that, if the soldiers should be induced by partisanship to commit acts of violence, they must take the consequences. Fresh commissioners had been appointed and a new police force organised. The old police commissioners intended to resist the demands of the new commissioners for the station-houses. Considerable ill-feeling prevailed among the citizens of opposing politics. Several personal encounters had taken place. General Grant had visited Baltimore, where an additional force of regular troops had been sent.

The Boston Republicans had nominated two negroes as candidates for the Legislature.

The Governor of South Carolina had refused to recommend the Legislature to adopt the Constitutional amendment. The Governor of Louisiana would, it was reported, reconvene the Constitutional Convention of 1864, the leading members of Congress assuring him that he would be sustained by force, if necessary.

Fenian indignation meetings had been held in all the large cities of the Union offering assistance to liberate the Fenian prisoners in Canada and defying the Canadian authorities to execute them. Mr. Seward had written to Sir Frederick Bruce stating that the American Consul was instructed to obtain a copy of the record of the trial of the Fenians in Canada, and asking Sir Frederick should there be any delay in obtaining the record, to have the executions postponed in order to give time for the record to be examined. He also said that the offences involved were eminently political, and that sound policy recommended tenderness, amnesty, and forgiveness. These suggestions were freely made, because all European Governments had proposed the same opinions to the Federal Government during the rebellion. President Johnson had informed the Tammany Hall Committee of his profound sympathy with the convicted Fenians, and declared that he would do all he could for their welfare and relief.

#### JAMAICA.

The new Legislature of Jamaica has been inaugurated by his Excellency Sir J. P. Grant. The meeting took place on the 16th ult., in Spanish Town. The chamber was crowded with gentlemen in official positions and others anxious to witness the inauguration of the new session. A large number of spectators was present, including several members of the late House of Assembly. His Excellency, in opening the Legislature, avoided the usual formalities; he observed that the present state of the legislation of the country required great reform, and none more so than in the department of the law. The police law and local courts he considered in a deplorable state. After reviewing the state of the country in general, and referring to many measures necessary to repeal, his Excellency relied on the Chamber to further the propositions of the Government.

The grand jury have ignored the bill against Ramsay, and also those against Messrs. Woodrow and James and Christopher Codrington, for alleged excesses during martial law.

NEW JUDGES.—We believe we are correct in stating that an intimation has been conveyed to the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench that it is the intention of the Government to propose at the meeting of Parliament the creation of three new Judges—one being allotted to each court. It is also proposed to rearrange the circuits, and the Judges have been consulted as to the most convenient redistribution of counties to the different circuits. We believe they will recommend that Lancashire should be created into a separate circuit. York, in the northern counties, will form the "Northern Circuit." The Midland Circuit will be remitted to its ancient limits, receiving in addition Birmingham, at which town for the future an assize is to be held.—*Sunday Gazette*.

A STRANGE DONATION.—Among the *Times*' advertisements of Thursday last appeared the following:—"Archbishop Manning acknowledges with his thanks the letter and inclosure of 'N. I. L.', received safely on Nov. 5." The transaction to which the above announcement dimly refers is a rather extraordinary one. On Monday, the 5th, a day on which the Gunpowder Plot is called to mind by sundry grotesque exhibitions in the public streets, Archbishop Manning received the letter alluded to, the inclosure being a cheque on a leading bank for the sum of £500. The sender gave no name, but signed himself "Guy Faux, a Protestant," and marked his donation "for the use of Pope Pius IX." Archbishop Manning looked upon the letter in the light of a jest, and was about throwing it and the cheque on the fire, when his secretary suggested that they might be able to trace the author of the supposed hoax, inasmuch as the cheque was numbered and lettered by the bankers. Archbishop Manning agreed to this; and, on the cheque being presented at the bank, the manager said he had instructions to pay the amount, and that the gift was that of a Protestant gentleman, who was anxious that his name should not be made known. The Archbishop transmitted the money in due course to Rome, and thanked the donor by public advertisement.—*Express*.

CIVIL SERVICE PENSIONS.—The following pensions on the civil list have been recently granted by her Majesty:—Dr. Arthur Hassall, £100 a year, on account of his eminence as a scientific chemist and his services in connection with the inquiry into the adulteration of food. Mrs. Carpenter, £100 a year, on account of the services of her husband, the late Mr. Carpenter, as keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum, and of her own merit as a portrait-painter. Mrs. Sykes, £75 a year, on account of the services of her husband, the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, to the industrial arts of the country and to the museum at South Kensington. Mrs. Coulton, £75 a year, on account of the literary merit of her husband, the late Mr. David Coulton. Dr. Patrick White, £75 a year, in consideration of his services as an author, public lecturer, and illustrator of the minstrelsy and bardic literature and music of ancient and modern Ireland. Henry John Doogood, Esq., £40 a year, for many years engaged in literary pursuits and in connection with the public press as a Parliamentary reporter, and now blind and paralysed. George Thomson, Esq., £40 a year, on account of his services in connection with the periodical literature of the day, being now afflicted with blindness. Robert Young, Esq., £40 a year, in recognition of his services as an historical and agricultural poet in Ireland. Miss Mary Craik and Miss Georgiana Craik, £30 a year each, in consideration of the services of their father, the late Dr. Craik, as professor of history and English literature in the Queen's College, Belfast.



## ENTRY OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL INTO VENICE.

THE correspondent of the *Times* in Venice, writing on the evening of the 7th inst., gives the following account of the entry of the King of Italy into the capital of the fair province which has just been added to his kingdom:—

"All last night and all through the day a fog has hung heavily over Vienna, and reminds us that, bright as is the general aspect, the strange old city arose from banks of mud and sand washed down from the hills. The names of some of her suburbs may still be quoted in proof of this, resembling not slightly many of those familiar to Lincolnshire and east-coast ears, 'St. George in the Sea-weed,' and 'St. James in the Marshes,' for instance. When the gilded Royal barge shot past from the arsenal, its bright sides scarcely visible for the white moisture hanging in the air, and the silken canopies of the municipal and private gondolas hung dank and listless, or swayed lazily at each regular stroke of the long rows of oarsmen, the spirit of the Venetians began to sink; for they wished their King to have a good first impression of their glorious old city, and the crowds that assembled along the grand canal had no heart to cheer the many bright equipages that glided backwards and forwards, turned as if by magic, or pulled up at full speed, like a barb thrown on his haunches. If the boats and their rowers were richly decorated to welcome the troops, they were doubly so now, and with the gay flags, bloomy tapestries, and silks or carpets dyed with deeper hues, formed a perfect feast of colour; only the sun and the blue sky were wanting to bring out the full gorgeousness of the effect. At about 11.20 a.m. the sound of cannon, muffled by the heavy air, told that the King had arrived at the railway station. Everything went well there according to arrangement, and, after long waiting, caused by the pressing of the crowd of boats, the official gondolas, forerunners of the advancing Majesty, dashed past to see that all was clear.

"Then came up through the mist the Royal barge, brilliant with creamy white and golden blazonry. The men who urged it along were clad in all that fancy could devise to add to the richness of the spectacle—jackets of blue and silver, with knots of scarlet ribbon, their pantaloons fitting close to the shapely limbs, showing each ridge and furrow of the twisted muscles as they strained forwards at the oar and marking every undulation of the gondolier's graceful movement. The canopy was of crimson velvet, supported by golden poles; and stooping over from the poop was a female figure—Italy, perhaps—clad also with golden garments and seeming about to place the laurel wreath which she held upon the head of the occupant below. The national flag, bearing in its centre the white cross of Savoy, floated over the whole. There were cries enough of delight now from the quays; but it was not the crimson, nor the gold, nor the white that attracted the attention of the crowd and drew such wild cheers from their hearts and lips. Just in front, where the parted curtains hung in heavy folds, was a plain-featured man in a general's uniform, standing erect, with bare head, before them. But they knew that he was an *honest man*, and that the uniform of the general had ere now been soiled with the dust and smoke of battle, in fulfilling his father's legacy, and striving for the independence and unity of Italy. There was no mistaking the broad, straightforward countenance, the determined jaw and heavy moustache, so familiar to them in every room of their houses and every corner of their streets. They saw at last among them the King whom they had called to be their Sovereign, and they shouted for Victor Emmanuel, the man who is true to his word. There must have been old men present who had seen the entrance of the great Napoleon, and had shouted for him, as boys and men will shout before a conqueror; but he came as a conqueror, with banners, and trumpets, and soldiers, and bayonets; while the King of Italy was attended to-day by a small group of his family and Ministers. His body-guards were the men who had so long stretched out their hands to him for help, his defence against treachery the hearts of his people. Though the barge was shapely, and the rowers strong and well trained, it moved but slowly down the canal, for the private gondolas took possession of it, as the people in the square did of the troops when they tried to march past on the day of their entrance, and it became the centre of a jostling, good-humoured crowd, which showed little reverence for Royalty, but much warmth of heart to the person of the King. Some time ago Garibaldi and Italia were the favourites, and the cheers for Victor Emmanuel were comparatively cool and careless; but, step by step, the feeling has grown upon the Venetians that the King is really their best friend. When they came to *fare da se* they found that it was no easy task to reconcile conflicting interests; that, in fact, a Government cannot be reconstructed in a moment from a mass of heterogeneous materials; that officials will be jealous and Garibaldians troublesome; and that if a city is to be raised from the dust to sit again like a Queen upon the waters, it is a great point already gained to have the work of re-organisation taken off their hands. So the few days during which the government of the city was actually, if not nominally, transferred from the Austrians to the Municipality, and even those later times when men received hints from their best friends that they should slip away for a while from the Venice that had only known them as employees of the Austrian Government, have been well spent; for their anxieties have taught them that there are other fears besides that of tyranny and that the cordial of liberty requires to be diluted by the distilled purity of law. For these reasons, as well as his personal popularity, the people made much of their King, treating him, on the whole, much as Englishmen did Palmerston. Before the cortège arrived at the Rialto the oars of his boat were encumbered with those of the meaner-looking black gondolas, and the stately barge had to be taken in tow. One must see such a crowd of gondolas before comprehending the niceties of steering of which they are capable, and the delight, amounting almost to a passion, of the gondoliers in their management of their favourites. More than once the crush was so great that there was almost a stoppage, but never did good-humour fail for a moment, and the few seconds of enforced idleness were spent in throwing about prints of the chosen of the people rolled into scrolls and tied with ribbon.

"At last the joyful, crowding, crushing minutes, so near at times and yet so far from Royalty, were over; the brilliant barge reached the place opposite the Ducal Palace where Doges and Princes have landed from time immemorial; the King disembarked among the shouts of the populace and the cheers of the well-dressed crowds that filled every available spot in or on the Ducal Palace, walking on a carpet prepared for his honour, yet so unnecessary on that polished marble floor, towards the Church of St. Mark. Entering there, he placed himself, in the dim twilight, under the canopy prepared for Napoleon fifty-eight years ago, and heard the solemn 'Te Deum Laudamus,' which has been sung from old times to consecrate deeds both good and bad. After the service, according to the order arranged by the city authorities, he should have inspected the troops in the square, and then reviewed them from the window of the Royal Palace. What actually occurred was this:—Issuing from the door into the chill, damp daylight of the square, he walked rapidly between the two ranks of men, receiving fervid cheers as he passed along, and entered the palace outside, while the crowd waited patiently for his appearance and greeted the opening of each window as staff and officials made their appearance on the balconies. Weary of waiting, the crowd responded gladly to a stentorian voice heard at intervals in the square crying 'Viva Vittorio Emanuele!' 'Viva il Ré Galantuomo!' Over and over again there were false hopes and uncertain cheers; but presently a sort of moan of joy swept through the people as first one here and there and afterwards the whole crowd caught sight of him standing alone at a window of his own palace at last. Never has a deeper or truer cry been heard in the Piazza di San Marco than now broke from the trembling lips of the multitude. Some mingled their cheers with 'Benedetta Italia!' Some shed tears, and many of the women laughed hysterically. The King gravely bowed and soon retired. The marching past of the troops, if such had been intended, was rendered impossible; but they filed through the crowd as best they might, passing under the one window of interest, their hands playing the 'Marsia Reale,' and so went outside, where they broke off and returned to swell the crowd soon after.

"But the people had not had enough of him yet. They remained still gazing up and waiting to see him again, till at length he complied with their request, appeared at the open window, was again lustily cheered, and this time when he retired the window was shut and the crowd began to disperse. But as they turned their eyes from the one point of attraction they saw another open window, and a slight, worn-faced man, in plain black suit, standing on the balcony talking to an official all covered with gold and lace. Somebody whispered 'Ricasoli,' and the warm greetings sent lately from Florence came to their remembrance. The Minister is deservedly popular at present, and soon learnt that he is so from the lips of the Venetians. Succeeding Cavour, at the request of the latter, it is said, Ricasoli also has aimed straight at the mark; and it is one whom the Italians know they can trust. To go from the square to the church is a natural inclination, and for a long time a stream of people flowed in and out of the sevenfold golden portals. Within many knelt, men as well as women, to offer thanks for the happiness bestowed upon them; but most walked round the church, returning by another door. The altar-steps were invaded, the altar itself pressed upon with a familiarity most unusual, when all at once a noise like the blow of a club was heard. One of the great wax candles had fallen heavily to the ground, and was broken into many pieces, dislodged by the pushing of the people. Was it an omen? This evening there have been grand illuminations; but the thick fog prevented their full effect, except for an hour after ten o'clock, when for a while the air cleared, and the water, shaken by ever-passing boats, flickered in millions of golden wavelets. But time fails to describe the glorious scene; and it must be enough for the present that the long-wished-for day has passed, the invited ruler has come to his people and been received with marks of love and enthusiasm because they believe that he has saved and will never betray them. Such has been the welcome of the Ré Galantuomo, the King who keeps his word."

**LONDON STREET ARABS.**—A persevering attempt has lately been commenced to clear the streets of the ragged, half-clad urchins, from eight to thirteen years of age, who importune so perseveringly every passer-by to purchase cigar-lighters. Numbers are brought up every morning at the police courts, under a recent Act of Parliament which enables the magistrates to send such children to industrial schools and compel parents to pay the cost of their maintenance. At the Clerkenwell Police Court a police inspector gave an amusing account of the habits of these city Arabs. "It was," he said, "no easy matter to put a hand on one. You might as well attempt to catch a crow." They evidently kept a good look-out, and took flight instantly a constable came in sight; so that it was necessary to run them into a corner."

**SUNDAY BANDS IN THE PARKS.**—A deputation from the Sunday Rest Association waited upon Lord John Manners on Saturday last to ask him to put a stop to the Sunday bands in the parks. It was argued that the bands drew people from churches and chapels and children from Sunday schools; that they create a disregard of the Sabbath, that the sale of programmes at the performances was illegal, and that it was unfair to allow the bands while preaching in the parks was forbidden. Lord John Manners's reply was not very favourable to the objects of the deputation. He told them that to do what they asked would be to wholly subvert the previous course of the Government; pointed out that, if the sale of programmes was illegal, proceedings could be taken by any private person; and as to allowing preaching, if it were permitted, they would be having all sorts of persons, infidels and others, holding forth.

**THE LORD MAYOR'S BANQUET.**—There was an amusing discussion in the Court of Aldermen on Tuesday. It began by Alderman Sidney censuring Alderman Sir R. Carden for his remarks made from the bench in reference to the Lord Mayor's Show. But Alderman Wilson gave the matter a much wider scope. He complained that the arrangements for the banquet on Lord Mayor's day were very bad, and gave numerous instances of the indignities to which distinguished persons were subjected. Mr. Alderman Rose said it was the duty of the City Remembrancer to make proper arrangements on such occasions; and then the Alderman, with a high sense of politeness, observed that he saw Mr. Corrie at the banquet, and he had no doubt that gentleman got a good dinner. Mr. Corrie said the fault lay in too many people being invited; and, as to Mr. Rose's observation, he replied that he got no dinner at all. Nothing conclusive was arrived at in the discussion except that the arrangements were really very bad.

**IMPROVEMENTS AT LIVERPOOL.**—On Saturday last the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board held a special meeting for the purpose of discussing the question of improved river approaches, which has been under discussion at various times during the past ten or twelve years. Mr. John Laird, M.P. for Birkenhead, proposed a motion to the effect that notice should be given to Parliament for powers to carry out a portion of an elaborate scheme prepared by Mr. Lyster, the dock engineer, which would involve an expenditure of £170,000, and the principal feature of which would be the filling up of the present George's Basin and the construction of a low-level bridge, with a decline at the lowest spring tides of one in twenty for the purpose of enabling lorries, carts, and other vehicles to embark on board steam-lighters at any state of the tide in the same way as at New York, Boston, and at some of the Continental ports. The entire scheme prepared by the dock engineer involves the total rearrangement of this part of the dock estate, and the widening and improving the main thoroughfares leading to the landing-stages. The total estimated cost is £569,000, of which it is proposed the dock board shall pay £378,000, and the Corporation the remaining £190,000. The two bodies have been in negotiation for a long time past, but have not been able to come to an arrangement. Mr. Laird submitted his motion with the view of carrying out what he deemed the most necessary portion of the works on the sole responsibility of the dock board. The motion was seconded by Mr. Harold Littledale, and, after a lengthened discussion, was carried by twelve votes to nine.

**THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.**—On Tuesday afternoon the Earl of Derby received a deputation appointed at a meeting held on the day following the conclusion of the York Church Congress, on the subject of the serious injury to popular education which has resulted from the practice of the educational department of the Privy Council in making the conscience clause a condition of building grants. The deputation originally appointed consisted of the Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of York, Archdeacons Denison and Churton, Canon Trevor, Mr. J. G. Hubbard, M.P.; Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.; Mr. Lowther, M.P.; Mr. Powell, M.P.; and Colonel Akroyd, M.P., with power to add to their number. Of these several were unable to be present. Mr. Hubbard, M.P., who introduced the deputation, read letters of apology from the Dean of York and others, and stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Marlborough, Earl Beauchamp, and others were prevented attending. Mr. Hubbard then read what Lord Derby good-humouredly called an abstract of his speech at York; and Mr. Beresford-Hope followed, urging the importance, if possible, of some friendly arrangement being arrived at between the Church and the Government. The Archdeacon of Taunton followed, insisting on two points:—(1) that the conscience clause was the first religious difficulty that had arisen between the Privy Council and the Church; and (2) that Parliament had never sanctioned the obnoxious clause. The Rev. A. Wilson (Secretary of the National Society), Dr. Irons, R. Gregory, Mr. W. Mayow, Dr. Biber, and others having addressed the Prime Minister, the Earl of Derby said that he had listened with great attention to the statements made on this most important and difficult subject. He feared the discussion had rather shown the extent of the difficulty than the means of meeting it. Having observed on the two classes of objectors to the clause (1), those who contended that every doctrine of the Church should be taught to all the children, and (2) those who would without compulsion admit Dissenters, his Lordship guarded against the extent or operation of the clause being exaggerated, and asked how the question of the minority of Dissenters was to be met in Parliament. He should like to know any plan by which, as Mr. Hope suggested, the views of the Church and the Privy Council could be brought into fuller accord. A lengthened conversation ensued between his Lordship and various members, in the course of which, it having been clearly shown that the principle of the conscience clause would admit of secular education, his Lordship emphatically condemned any education without religion, which, he said, was not sanctioned by Parliament.

## THE IMPERIAL MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

THE marriage of the Czarewitch of Russia with Princess Dagmar of Denmark was solemnised at St. Petersburg on Friday, the 9th inst., with all the forms and ceremonies of the Greek Church, and accompanied by that pomp and splendour which necessarily attended so auspicious an event at the august Imperial Court of Russia.

At noon the great chapel of the Winter Palace was crowded with the members of the Council of the empire and of the Senate, the gentlemen of the Imperial household, the diplomatic body, and other dignitaries, who were in full uniform. In the Sanctuary were Mgr. Isidore, Metropolitan of Novgorod and St. Petersburg, who officiated; Mgrs. Arsine, Metropolitan of Kiev and Galicia; Philirite, Metropolitan of Moscow; the Proto-pope Bajonoff, Almoner of their Majesties, &c.

About one o'clock the Imperial procession entered the chapel in the following order:—The Harbingers (*fourriers*) of the Household

of H.I.H. the Czarewitch, of the Imperial Household, and of the bedchamber of the Emperor; the Great Master and Masters of the Ceremonies; the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber and the Chamberlains; the Gentlemen holding secondary functions in the Imperial Household; a Marshal of the Household; the Master of the Hounds; the Great Equerries; the Great Cupbearers; the Great Masters of the Household; the Great Chamberlain; the Great Marshal of the Household; their Majesties the Emperor and the Empress; H.I.H. the Grand Duke Czarewitch Alexander Alexandrovitch, with his august bride, H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Mary Feodorovna; T.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Denmark; T.I.H. the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis Serge, and Paul, sons of their Majesties; T.I.H. the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine, with their sons, the Grand Dukes Nicolas and Constantine; T.I.H. the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Nicolas, with the Grand Duke Nicolas, their son; T.I.H. the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Michel; H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Helena, daughter of their Majesties, and Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine; H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Mary, Dowager Duchess of Leuchtenberg; H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Catherine, daughter of the Grand Duchess Helena, and H.H. Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; T.I.H. Princess Nicolas and George Romanovsky, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, and Duchess Eugenie of Leuchtenberg; H.H. Prince Alexander of Hesse, H.I.H. Prince Peter of Oldenburg and Prince Nicolas, his son; T.H. Prince Herman de Saxe-Weimar and Prince Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, Dukes of Saxony. Then followed the ladies of honour, among whom were Princesses Walkowski, Olga, Orlov, Wassitchikow, Tchernitchew, Woronsow, A. Gortchacow, Dolgoroukow, &c.; Countess Strogonow, Baranow, Levachew, Kleinmichel, the Maids of Honour, the Great Mistress of the Household of the Queen of Denmark; Princess Kourakine, Mistress of the Household of the august bride; Countess Kouchlew, &c.

The Empress of Russia wore over the national costume a mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, the train of which was borne by the Marshal of the Court, Count Pouchkine, and four Chamberlains. Her brow was encircled with a splendid tiara of diamonds.

Her Imperial Highness (Princess Dagmar) wore a dress of white lace *au point d'Alençon* and a mantle of crimson velvet lined with ermine, the train of which was borne by M. Skariatine, Master of the Household of the Czarewitch, assisted by four Chamberlains. The beauty of her features, the grace of her figure, enhanced yet more by her mien, majestic and captivatingly modest, raised the greatest admiration.

Those taking part in the ceremony having been conducted to their seats, the Metropolitan began the "Office of the Matrimonial Coronation," in the Slavonic or old Russian language.

At the close of the ceremonial the bridegroom and the bride returned to their places. The Prince of Wales went to offer to them his felicitations. The Prince of Wales was followed by the Crown Princes of Prussia and Denmark and all the members of the Imperial family and other foreign Princes, who complimented, one by one, the august bride and bridegroom. Meantime a "Te Deum" was sung by the clergy, and to the thanksgivings offered to the Most High the guns of the fortress mingled their thundering voice 101 times.

After having received the felicitations from the members of the Holy Synod and of the Court clergy, their Imperial Majesties and the august new married couple left the chapel in the same order they had entered it.

The nuptial banquet and ball followed. Before the end of the ball H.I.H. the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine left the Winter Palace for the Annichkow Palace, presented by the Emperor to the Czarewitch and his august bride. Soon after their Majesties, the Czarewitch and the now Grand Duchess Mary Feodorovna, with the other members of the Imperial family and the Royal visitors, went in gala to the future palatial residence of the Czarewitch and his august wife. The Emperor and the Empress and the new-married couple, on alighting from their carriage, went to the upper apartments of the palace, where they were received by H.I.H. the Grand Duke and Duchess Constantine, who presented to them the holy image and the bread and salt.

## THE CZAREWITCH AND PRINCESS DAGMAR.

Of the young man who, if he lives, is destined one day to succeed to the throne of the Czars, and who was united, on the 9th inst., to the beautiful young Danish Princess, once known by the name of Dagmar, but who in future will be styled "Mme. the Grand Duchess Maria Feodorovna," the world as yet knows very little. "His Imperial Highness Monseigneur the Czarewitch, the Hereditary Grand Duke Alexander-Alexandrovitch," was born on March 10 (Feb. 26, old style), 1845, and is consequently upwards of twenty-one years of age. He is the second son of the reigning Emperor, his elder brother, who was betrothed to Princess Dagmar, having died at Nice last year. The youthful Czarewitch has, of course, no reputation beyond his native country, all that is known of him as a public character being that he is chief of a regiment of dragoons.

Princess Dagmar, late of Denmark, now converted, as above stated, into the Grand Duchess Maria Feodorovna of Russia, is the second daughter of the King of Denmark and the sister of the Princess of Wales. She was born on the 26th of November, 1847, and has thus nearly completed her nineteenth year. Though so young, the Princess has already known acute sorrow. She was to have occupied the same position towards the late Czarewitch, Nicholas-Alexandrovitch, that she now does to his younger brother. The ceremony of betrothal had taken place, and the time for the marriage was all but fixed, when death claimed the expectant bridegroom, and Princess Dagmar was thus placed for a time in the position of a widow without ever having been a wife. It is to be hoped that the union effected on the 9th inst. will compensate her for the grief and bereavement which she previously experienced. In reference to the death of the late Czarewitch, a correspondent at St. Petersburg, after detailing the ceremonial to be observed on the occasion of the Imperial nuptials, says:—

"After all this recital of titles, Court ceremonials, costumes, and chamberlain's regulations, it is refreshing, I think, to come on anything which reminds us that czars, grand dukes, and imperial highnesses are subject to the same joys and sorrows as ordinary humanity. To-day, in my wanderings about the city, I entered the garrison church, as it is called, where the members of the house of Romanoff are interred. I was shown the tomb of the great Peter, of the Empress Catherine, of the Czar Nicholas, to which, no doubt, any number of historical recollections ought to attach themselves. But, I own, the one which interested me most was the last and latest in that gallery of tombs, underneath which there lay the body of the poor lad who died at Nice, who was, had Fate so willed it, to have been Czar of All the Russias, the hero of the coming festival, the husband of the Danish Princess. On his tomb there lay a plain black chaplet, newly placed amidst the many with which the grave was decorated. It had been placed there, the other day (so the sexton told me), by the lady who was some time Princess Dagmar and is now the orthodox Grand Duchess Maria Feodorovna."

A story told of her Imperial Highness is to the effect that, on the day of her confirmation at St. Petersburg, the Princess, in passing along one of the salons of the Winter Palace, led by the Grand Duke Alexander, her future husband, found herself all at once in the presence of the portrait of the Prince to whom she was first betrothed, and she could not refrain from weeping. "You are right," said the Grand Duke Alexander, "for he loved you dearly. We will weep for him together, and we will often talk of him."

## THE GIRAFFES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

WE mentioned in our last week's Number that two of the fine stud of giraffes in the Royal Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, had been burned to death in a fire which occurred in their stable. On this subject Mr. Frank Buckland writes to a contemporary:—



"All friends of the Zoological Society will be much shocked to hear of the great loss the society has sustained by the death of two giraffes by fire. On Tuesday last, the 6th of November, at 7.20 p.m., two keepers, Smallpiece and Mundy, ran to the office in the gardens, crying out, 'The giraffe-house is on fire!' Mr. Thompson and the other keepers were not long in arriving at the spot. Dr. Murie, the anatomical prosector of the society, happened to be in the office; he immediately ran with the keepers to the giraffe-house. He found it filled with a volume of smoke so dense that it was impossible to see anything. The two keepers, having arrived a minute or two before Dr. Murie, had opened the windows, which he most judiciously ordered to be immediately closed to prevent the draught. They then proceeded to throw water on the burning straw, and, going into the stable in the most plucky manner, along with Scott, the eland-keeper, trampled out the flames as well as they could. As the smoke cleared off a little they found the two giraffes, mother and child, stretched on the ground motionless. They hauled them out as quickly as possible into the yard; but alas! found them pulseless and not breathing. They then re-entered the stable and quenched the fire. The other two giraffes would most probably have fallen victims to the fire had not the doors of their stable been wisely thrown open and the animals turned into the yard immediately the fire was discovered. They were, when first discovered, breathing badly and stooping their heads, but otherwise they were not seriously affected. The larger one of the two has caught a bad cold, of which we trust, however, it will soon get better. The origin of the fire is a matter of mystery. It was confined to the eastward of the three compartments of the giraffe-house. The straw, from some unknown cause, became lighted, and the flames must shortly have spread over the floor of the stable. It is supposed that a match must, in some way, have got mixed with the litter, and that one of the animals in walking about trod upon it and set it on fire. The walls are blistered about 6 ft. or 8 ft. high, and it is a mercy that it did not extend further. By the kindness of Dr. Murie I have been enabled to examine the two victims of this sad accident. It is very painful to see these two beautiful creatures, but lately in the highest health and vigour, now motionless and inanimate. The measurements of the giraffes are as follow:—From nose to tip of tail, large animal, 12 ft.; small, 4 ft. 9½ in.; from top of head to hoof, large animal, 12 ft. 5 in.; small, 6 ft. 11 in. length of mane, large animal, 5 ft. 2 in.; small, 2 ft. 1 in.; head, large animal, 2 ft. 2 in.; small,

1 ft. 3 in.; foot to shoulder, large animal, 8 ft.; small, 4 ft. 10½ in.; horn, large animal, 6 in.; small, 3½ in.; ear, large animal, 11 in.; small, 8 in.; tail, with hair, large animal, 5 ft. 2 in.; small, 1 ft. 6 in. The poor animals are much scorched about the belly and legs, and the left hind hoof of the smaller one is quite loose from the effects of the fire. The immediate cause of death was suffocation from the smoke, combined with the shock from the intense heat of the burning straw. I understand the animals are heavily insured, but this will not replace the noble-looking mother giraffe and her pretty little young one."



THE LATE GENERAL COUNT GIULAY.

#### GENERAL COUNT GIULAY.

How rapidly men who once filled a prominent part in the world's eye pass away from remembrance! Count Giulay, who commanded the Austrian army in Italy during the memorable year 1859, who was deemed worthy to be matched against Napoleon III., King Victor Emmanuel, and all their lieutenants, has just died; and so little notice has been taken of the event, that we cannot find even an obituary notice of him in any of the public journals. So much for fame and the favour of princes! Count Giulay was not an Austrian by birth—that is, he was not a German—but drew his extraction, we believe, from Hungarian parentage. He had, however, joined the Austrian army, saw some active service in his youth, and, having risen to the rank of General, was in command of the troops in Italy when war was declared between Austria on one side, and France and Italy on the other. In that position it fell to General Giulay's lot to be defeated by the Italians at Palestro and by the French at Magenta. His conduct of the campaign was severely censured, and, after the last-named disaster, he was superseded by General Baron Hess, acting as the immediate adiutus of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The change of commanders, however, did not reverse the fortune of the war. Defeat attended the arms of Austria at Solferino, as it had done at Magenta; and the peace of Villafranca followed, by which Lombardy was ceded by the Kaiser. From that time till his death, General Giulay was never heard of in public. He has now passed away as one remembered not. But he is not alone in that ignoble fate. Baron Hess, too, has been nameless since Solferino; and Benedek, once a foremost name in Austria, is likely to be extinguished by Sadowa. If nothing succeeds like success, nothing is so unfortunate as misfortune—at least in the Austrian military world.



THE GIRAFFES BURNED IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.





PRINCESS DAGMAR AND THE CZAREVITCH.



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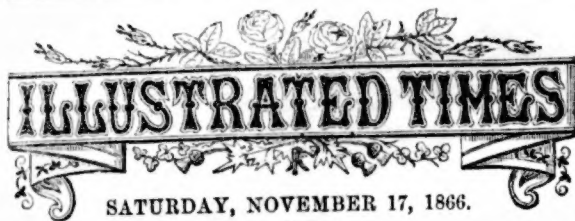
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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE marriage of Princess Dagmar to the Czarewiteh is an interesting incident enough, but can scarcely be construed into a political event. If it meant anything at all, it could only signify friendship and alliance between Denmark and Russia, which would, perhaps, be very dangerous for Denmark. This brave but unfortunate little kingdom seems to exist only by sufferance. With Prussia on one side and Russia on the other, it is in the position of an earthen pot between two iron ones; and, whether it attempts to check the advance of its neighbours or resolves to sail down the stream with no matter which of the two, its ultimate fate can scarcely be considered doubtful. The Czarewiteh marries Princess Dagmar simply that he may have a wife, and because the lady in question fulfils all the conditions deemed indispensable in the case of a Princess who, as far as human probabilities go, will one day be called upon to ascend the Russian throne. The bride of the Imperial heir must be of Royal race and the member of a reigning family; and, as she must be prepared to adopt the religion of her husband and of the country over which he is one day to reign, it is essential that she be a Protestant, for it is a fact that Catholic Princesses will not abandon the faith in which they have been brought up. Some day, perhaps, the Russian Imperial family will be able to look for brides to the Royal family of Greece; but at present their only nurseries are the Protestant reigning families of Western Europe. Of course, everyone wishes newly-married people that happiness which they do not always find; and there is no reason for supposing that Princess Dagmar, or Maria Feodorowna as she is now called, will not be as happy with the present Czarewiteh as she might have been with his elder brother, to whom she was formerly engaged, and who died, under such unhappy circumstances, two years ago, at Nice. Whatever troubles may be in store for the ruler of the vast Russian Empire, which is constantly increasing in size, and which, from certain indications, would also seem to be advancing towards something like decomposition, they will not, it may confidently be expected, be troubles of a domestic nature. Russia has political brides, married against their will and eager for an opportunity to escape from the hated yoke, who will never leave their lord very long at peace; and a Russian Sovereign, in the midst of the public cares that must at times weigh so heavily upon him, ought to be more than ordinarily sensible to the joys of home.

King Christian has been more fortunate as a family man than as a ruler. A minor Sovereign, who has succeeded in placing one of his sons on the throne of Greece—shifty as the foundations of that throne may be—who has married his eldest daughter to the heir to the crown of England, and his second daughter to the heir to the crown of Russia, may be said to have provided well for his children. Recently, too, he has had a small piece of good luck in his capacity of Monarch. On assembling his Parliament, a few days ago, he was able to make known the fact that the magnanimous Bismarck, through his mouthpiece the King of Prussia, has promised the restoration to Denmark of the purely Danish districts of Northern Schleswig. Optimist friends say that this will give Denmark a stronger, because narrower, frontier than she possessed three years ago, and that, considering Holstein was really a German country, Denmark will, after all, not have lost so very much. Disguise it, however, as we may, what she lost was all Holstein and all Schleswig. It will be some consolation, no doubt, to the Danes to get back the Danish portion of Schleswig; but the great, irremediable misfortune for the country is that it has been shown to be at the mercy of its neighbours, and that practically no great Power cares what any other great Power does to it or takes from it, provided only that its own immediate interests are not affected thereby.

It would be interesting to know for what particular reason these Danish districts are to be given back by the great annexer of his neighbour's territory to their legitimate ruler. The reason proclaimed to the world will no doubt be that the portion of Schleswig about to be restored, being inhabited by a purely Danish population, Prussia does not feel herself justified by the "principle of nationality" in retaining it. But this explanation, considering that Prussia has no objection to retaining two or three million Polish subjects, and that she not only retains them, but makes constant efforts to Germanise them, can scarcely be accepted. Nor is it conceivable that Prussia can have feared the probable discontent of the few hundred thousand Danes who are now to pass from beneath her rule to become once more Danes in a political sense. Perhaps she wishes to conciliate the Powers who opposed the invasion of Denmark by making a slight concession now that it can no longer be said that the concession is extorted by

fear. It was announced, too, some time ago that the Emperor of the French had undertaken—always in virtue of the much abused, and also much neglected, "principle of nationalities"—to see that the Danes got back the purely Danish portion of the territory taken from them by the war of 1864. If this should turn out to be the case, the fact would afford abundant matter for reflection.

However, King Christian is to get his own again—or, at least, a portion of it. More than that, he has serious thoughts of defending it against all future attacks; and, like all other Monarchs, great and small, is preparing to remodel his army and to provide his troops with the now indispensable breech-loaders. Some of our contemporaries, in noticing this fact, have questioned the advisability of King Christian keeping up an army at all. This, however, is absurd. A second-class Power, known to possess a highly-efficient army, is almost on a level with a first-class Power. So a third-class may rank little below a second-class Power if all its resources are available, at the shortest notice, for attack or defence. But a State which, because it happens to have a population of only a few millions, resolves beforehand not to take part in any wars that may arise may be looked upon as already doomed to disappear. Denmark, with a well-trained, well-armed body of troops, could make her weight felt in an alliance, as many a small State has done. And the more valuable she can make her friendship, the more likely she is to obtain friends.

The Power which ought to be a model to all other small Powers is, or was, Piedmont. How Piedmont, after showing what her soldiers could do in the Crimea, side by side with those of France and England, acquired Lombardy through the military assistance of France, and Naples through the diplomatic and (to some extent) naval assistance of England; and how, after seven years' waiting, the newly-formed kingdom of Italy gained Venice through the co-operation of Prussia—will certainly form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the second half of the nineteenth century. But the chapter will not be complete until Rome also becomes Italian; and that this change will be brought about before long is becoming more probable every day.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRINCE ARTHUR is to commence his probationary studies as Gentleman Cadet, at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, probably in January next, for admission to the Regiment of Royal Artillery, or the Corps of Royal Engineers.

PARLIAMENT has been further prorogued to Jan. 15.

LORD CLARENDON, whose health appears to be much restored, has arrived at Rome, and is to have an audience of the Pope.

COLONEL ELPHINSTONE DALRYMPLE, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, becomes a Major-General on the establishment, in consequence of the death of Sir C. Warren.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE is to be erected by Mr. Mapleson in Leicester-square.

THE LIEUTENANT'S NAVAL PENSION of £50 a year, vacant by the death of Commander Raymond, has been awarded to Commander Richard E. Pym.

MR. SLIDELL, the representative of the Southern Confederacy at Paris, has just died in that city.

BISHOP MONRAD, formerly Minister President at Copenhagen, has suffered such severe losses, in consequence of the failure of an English banking-house, that he has been forced to accept an engagement as clerk in a merchant's office in New Zealand.

MINISTERS OF RELIGION are allowed to travel at half price on the Boston and Worcester Railway, in the United States.

THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM PARKER, BART., G.C.B., the senior Admiral of the Fleet, and first and principal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, is announced as having taken place, on Monday last, at the age of eighty-five.

THE NUMBER OF LUNATICS in Belgium has increased from 8841, in 1852, to 5434, in 1866.

LORD DE TABLEY'S Ribchester estates have been purchased by Mr. Henry Ward, cotton-spinner, of Blackburn, for £140,000.

THE LONDON COURT OF COMMON COUNCIL have resolved to promote a bill to confer the municipal franchise in the City on all persons qualified to vote in Parliamentary elections.

DR. MARY E. WALKER, now on a visit here from the United States of America, has been persuaded by her friends to deliver a lecture, which will be given at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, the 20th inst.

MR. E. E. SPENCE, of Rome, sculptor of "The Finding of Moses," "Jeannie Deans," "The Shepherd Boy," statues which will be remembered at the International Exhibition, and many other popular works, died at Leghorn on the 28th ult.

MR. JOHN LAIRD, M.P. for Birkenhead, has forwarded to Mr. Clint, a gentleman who has taken great interest in the establishment of the training-ship *Indefatigable*, a £100 Dock bond, the interest of which is to be applied for the benefit of this excellent institution.

THE SCREW STEAM-SHIP CERES, from London to Dublin, was totally wrecked in a terrific gale on Saturday night last. The scene of the catastrophe was Carnore Point, off Wexford; and we regret to hear that some of the crew and many passengers were lost.

MRS. STANTON, the female candidate for Congress in New York, is the daughter of Judge Cady, of New York, and the wife of B. Stanton, Esq., an eminent barrister of the same State.

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF CALNE have resolved "by an overwhelming majority," to abandon their annual banquet rather than ask Mr. Lowe, as is customary, to be their guest. Some councillors thought it unsafe, on Mr. Lowe's account, that he should appear in Calne.

SHALIELLA, a steam-yacht owned by Mr. Barff, of Glasgow, has made two trips to Gravesend and back, propelled by steam raised with liquid fuel, without the use of an atom of coal.

THE LIMERICK FLAX COMPANY'S EXTENSIVE MILLS have been destroyed by fire. Although the flames were discovered before the persons employed, about 300 in number, had left the premises, the supply of water was so scanty that the engines were useless and all attempts to save any of the property utterly futile.

PROFESSOR SIR WILLIAM THOMSON, Sir Samuel Canning, and Sir James Anderson were dubbed Knights by her Majesty the Queen at a Privy Council held at Windsor on Saturday last. Mr. Richard Atwood Glass was prevented from attending through illness, and he will be created a Knight by patent.

THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES, according to the Census of 1860, was 31,443,321. According to a census taken of seven States in 1865, the population had increased 13½ per cent, and at that rate the population at the present time is 35,500,000.

THE REV. W. SELWYN, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, met with a most serious accident last Saturday afternoon. He was riding out with Mrs. Selwyn and some other members of his family, when he was thrown from his horse. He was taken up perfectly insensible, but is slowly recovering.

MR. GEORGE A. TRENHOLM, of South Carolina, the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury, has been pardoned by the President, and will have his property restored to him. The chief advocates for his pardon were General Dix; General Howard, the head of the Freedmen's Bureau; and General Sickles, commanding the department of South Carolina.

MR. SNIDER, only a few hours before his death, informed a friend at his bedside that he had a new secret with regard to a great principle of national defence. "I will tell you the secret to-morrow," said he, "when you call to see me." That to-morrow arrived, and the friend came with it to that bedside again; but the man who lay upon it was dead.

MR. GEORGE PEABODY has attended the inauguration of the "Peabody Institute" at Baltimore, and was most kindly received. His latest gifts have been 150,000 dols. each to Harvard and Yale Colleges, and 500,000 dols. to the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, making the entire endowment of that institute 1,000,000 dols.

THE HANGERS of the next Exhibition of the Royal Academy will be Messrs. J. F. Lewis, S. Hart, and G. Richmond.

RESEARCHES in the neighbourhood of the camp at Châlons have led to the discovery of Gaulish and Gallo-Roman burials, to the extent of 1500 bodies, with all the objects of art which usually accompany those corpses. The purely Gaulish bodies are buried on heights near a watercourse; the Gallo-Roman in the plain, without any particular arrangement.

LARGE QUANTITIES of SNOW have fallen at Tver (about a hundred miles north of Moscow). The cold continues, and sledging is expected to be soon commenced.

THE LATE FIRE at QUEBEC is said to have originated in a drinking-saloon, where some men, quarrelling over a card-table, upset a lamp, and the oil, running over the floor, set fire to the house.

A TREMENDOUS HURRICANE broke over Nassau and the Bahamas on Oct. 9. The gale spread over some 100 or 180 miles, blowing her Majesty's ship *Nimble* ashore, destroying or driving to sea some hundreds of merchantmen, unroofing most of the town, and driving the sea over the settlements. The wells in the plains have been filled with salt water, and an immense amount of damage has been done to other property. The speed of the gale is estimated by Commander A. J. Chatfield, of the *Nimble*, at from fifteen to twenty miles an hour.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MR. BRIGHT, amongst other wonderful things which he has done, has lately raised a man from the dead—to wit, Frederick Carl Baron von Stein. Stein in his day was a great statesman, and has left a deeper mark upon Prussian institutions than any man that has lived in that country. He was never extensively known in England, and until Mr. Bright mentioned him at Dublin not one in ten thousand Englishmen had even heard of him. Even in Printing House-square, where it is thought by the multitude everything is known, this great statesman seems to have been but dimly remembered. So that when the presiding deity saw Stein's name in Bright's speech, said deity had to take down his Biographical Dictionary and post himself up, like any mere mortal. One can fancy it, and his deityship's reflections as he hurriedly read the columns of "Knight's Biography" or the "Biographie Universelle." "Stein! oh, ah!—a Prussian statesman. And now let us see what he did with the land question. Ah! here it is. He abolished villenage. Well, there's not much in that: we did that centuries ago. But stop—I see what Bright alluded to. He compelled the nobles to pay land tax, and he converted serf tenure into rent tenure. But what of that? We have done the same ages ago." And then he shut the book, and then he proceeded to handle his thunder—*vulgo*, to write his legal article; or, what is more probable, ordered one of the *ditto* *minores* to do it. And, mind you, if this were a mere common mortal, the mistake which he made would not be wonderful; for information about Baron von Stein is not easily accessible to mere common mortals. Our English biographies, cyclopaedias, &c., give us but a dim image of the man and a still cloudier description of what he did. And even in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, published in 1825, in which the writer professes to give an account of Stein and his famous system, there is nothing definite. The Stein system is praised highly; but, as the old proverb says, "An ounce of pudding is worth a pound of praise." But in Printing House-square, where light is supposed to dwell, and no darkness at all, Stein and what he did ought to be known as well as Peel and Cobden and the repeal of the corn laws. However, be that as it may, it is clear that Stein and his grand system were but little known in that region; and, as I have said, but little known in this country. But now Bright has exhumed this man we shall soon know all that can be known of this great reformer and his reforms. We already know more than we did; for Mr. Mathew Arnold has pointed his telescope at him, and resolved what appeared to most of us a mere nebula into a wonderful planet in the European hemisphere; and when the great land question comes to be discussed, as it will be, at no very distant day, Baron Von Stein will often be quoted. I, of course, must not pretend to explain his system; but, though I cannot tell in detail what he did, I may show, in his own words, what he aimed at. Stein, then, announced his system in 1807 or 1808. Prussia then had, by the fatal battle of Friedland, lost half her territory, and was little more than a tributary of France; and at this juncture Stein appeared, and spoke these memorable words:—"What the State loses in extensive greatness it must make up in intensive strength;" and, "The true strength of the kingdom is to be found, not in the aristocracy, but in the whole nation." To which I add my emphatic "Hear, hear!" and pass on.

We are told, gravely enough, and with no audible titter at the absurdity, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to take all railway debentures into the hands of the Government; guarantee a dividend thereon; and, by some most wonderful alchemy, not explained, extract out of this scheme, in forty years, £120,000,000 profit, to be devoted to paying off the National Debt. Now, in the first place, I do not believe that the railway debenture stock of the United Kingdom amounts to £120,000,000. But, supposing it does, tell us, Mr. Dunderhead, how, by manipulating the interest of this sum, which, at 3 per cent, would amount to only £3,600,000, the sum of £120,000,000 can be got in forty years. It is possible that something may be done to relieve the Irish railways—possible, indeed, that the Government may help the insolvent English railways; for an important railway, once made, must somehow be kept open. But, depend upon it, Government will be very cautious if it should have to meddle with this doubtful and exceedingly difficult subject. There is, however, one thing I believe certain—viz., that the Government will propose a measure of compulsory registration of all railway securities; and it is time that this should be done. Why, indeed, should not all securities be registered?

The impression that the Government will propose a reform bill is very general. Some of our political quidnuncs pretend to know the nature of the bill, but they will not speak out on the subject. When pressed, they put on a mysterious look; they could if they would, but they must not; but they do not hesitate to say that, "when it comes to be known, it will astonish you not a little." There are, though, some few who still adhere to their belief that there will be no reform bill at present. A Commission of Inquiry is a favourite notion with some of our politicians. But, certainly, the great majority of the Loungers in the Pall-mall region believe that a reform bill is to be laid on the table; and at all the public offices it is considered as certain. It is wonderful that the secret should be so well kept. The Cabinet Ministers certainly know it, and there are fifteen of them; and there must be many more besides who know if there is to be a bill, for a reform bill cannot be manufactured without large information gleaned from many sources, and wherever the gleaner goes suspicion almost amounting to a certainty will arise. I should say, now, that Mr. Baxter, of the firm of Baxter, Rose, Norton, and Co., is in possession of the secret, for his firm will have to draw the bill. They drew the last Conservative bill, and will, no doubt, draw this if there is to be one. I have said that much information must be gleaned, but I can't trace the footsteps of the gleaners. The Poor-Law Office is the grand gleaner field, but I do not believe that gleaners have been there. If they have, they came and went enveloped in a coat of darkness. Last year at this time we did not know the nature and the results of the information which the Poor-Law authorities were collecting, but we knew that they were hard at work with special reference to Gladstone's bill.

But, whether the Government propose a reform bill or not, it is quite certain that they mean to propose extensive departmental reforms. The Foreign Office is to be overhauled. Sir John Pakington will have a little scheme for the better administration of his department. Nothing great, one would suspect, and even hope, for it is not written *parvum parva decet*? Will General Peel attack the evils of the War Office, or that angust stable of jobbery the Horse Guards? Perhaps, though, the latter task is "aboon his might," requiring the authority and power of the head of the Government, with the united Cabinet at his back. I suspect, though, that he will not attempt it. The Hercules to perform this labour I am afraid is not yet born. Mr. Gathorne Hardy is busy at the Poor-Law Board, and there is much that ought to be done there; but it is to be feared that Mr. Gathorne Hardy is not the man to grapple with and slay the dragons in the way of reform in that quarter. By-the-way, it is whispered that the Government have upon the



anvil a grand scheme for the better management of the metropolis. If so, let us hope that John Stuart Mill's scheme is the basis of this reform, for they will not get a better.

A correspondent, in a chaffing way, tells me that Mr. Dowdeswell, who I said in my last was likely to be Solicitor-General, is not a barrister; and said correspondent is right. Smoking a cigar at a haunt which you know well, I was told by two members of the Bar that Mr. Dowdeswell had been called to the Bar, and was very likely to get office; whereupon, without looking at Dodd, I hurriedly wrote the paragraph which contains the blunder. And now, who will be Solicitor-General I cannot imagine. Rumour points to Mr. Karslake; but Mr. Karslake is not in Parliament, and it is not by any means certain that he will succeed at Colchester, for the representation of which place he is a candidate. At the last election Mr. Gurden Rebou, the Liberal, was at the head of the poll by fifty-one. And, if the Liberals should determine to fight, they may wrench another seat from the Conservatives. This struggle for Mr. Taverner Miller's seat cannot come off before the meeting of Parliament.

Mention has been made more than once in these pages of the Albert Press, Mortimer House, at which institution an effort is being made to find employment for women as illuminators and decorative artists. This is so legitimate and fitting an employment for female talent, and one that requires so specially those eminent feminine graces, patience and good taste, that the scheme deserves encouragement; and I am therefore glad to see that the Princess of Wales has ordered a set of the crimson-lake etchings, from the designs for "The Idylls of the King," executed by Messrs. Fuller's female pupils. I hope this will create a demand in fashionable society for these really excellent outlines, and so increase work for the industrious ladies of the Albert Press. Fashion, when it promotes such good ends as this, becomes almost a virtue.

It is with very deep regret that I record the death, from consumption, of one of our most promising young draughtsmen—Paul Gray. Few artists have so rapidly achieved fame; few have had as brilliant a career so early closed. The first thing which brought him into public notice was a series of illustrations to "Hereward," in *Good Words*. His charming picture "A Flirt," in the October *London Society*, and his illustration in the last *Argosy* show how rapidly his style was maturing. He has also until last week, I believe, drawn the cartoons in *Punch* since the commencement of the new series. These he continued to work at until failing health compelled him to lay aside his pencil, his latest work of all being a drawing for "The Savage Club Papers," about to be published for the benefit of the widow of a friend and brother-artist. He has endeared himself to a large circle of friends in the literary and artistic world not only by the charm of genius, but by the grace of a cultured mind, and the still stronger tie of a lovable, considerate, and kindly disposition. Could the affection of friends have preserved him, his life would have been as long as it has been short—he is but twenty-three!

Mr. Walter Roland, photographer, has executed at his "Alexandra Studio" a new class of photographs, in respect of external setting, which he calls "The Golden Series." In these portraits the photograph is surrounded by a golden background, which has a very pleasing effect, and helps to throw the likeness out into greater prominence. The series embraces a number of theatrical celebrities, including Mrs. Stirling, Miss Augusta Thompson, Miss Caroline Hill, Miss Neilson, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. H. Neville, &c. Of dramatic authors, I may mention Mr. H. Craven, Mr. Watts Phillips, Mr. S. Cheltenham, and others. The whole series is very pretty and highly interesting.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER. THE MAGAZINES.

The last number of the *Contemporary* is not lively, but it is solid and quite readable, even by lovers of excitement. "Ritualism and the Ecclesiastical Law" has all the interest which naturally attaches to a topic of the day; and the article on "Athletes" is the best I have seen among the many articles which have been devoted to this subject within the last month. The "sensation" article of the number is on "Christian Inscriptions in Gaul," which has an intense interest of its own. "Æschylus as a Religious Teacher" is, of course, good, for Mr. Brooke Westcott signs it; but it seems to me fanciful in its ascriptions. I am too much of a Radical to admire the "ex-M.P." on the franchise. The writer appears to think that our chief duty is to forecast the consequences of an extension of it. But I think, Sir, our only business is to do justice, and leave the consequences to the Being who can both forecast and control them.

Once a *Week* may really be said to take the lead among the "light" monthlies. Its illustrations are excellent; its matter, while never dull, is rarely trivial; and you never fail of finding in its pages information of a kind you do not meet elsewhere. It is a magazine which does great honour to the spirit, industry, and good taste of the editor.

I have received the first number of Mr. Shirley Brooks's *Sooner or Later*, but have not yet read it attentively. Mr. Brooks, however, is a gentleman who, like Mr. Trollope, can hit the happy mean between being gay and being "fast;" and, as I have always found him interesting, I can trust him to be interesting again.

By accident, design, or somehow, the *August* number of *Aunt Judy's Magazine* reaches me only now. It is chiefly remarkable for a very beautiful child-poem, "A Child to a Rose," which is dedicated to Cecilia Tennyson, and accompanied with a charming woodcut. This poem is by Miss Smedley, and is almost perfect of its kind. The exquisitely gifted lady who writes this true child-poem will forgive me, I hope, if I say it is too long; it is not rapid and compressed enough; some day the author will strike out the last verse, and the first verse wants remodelling. Have I ever before mentioned the music that is given in this lovely little magazine? It is very good indeed. The Lullaby in the present number is particularly charming.

I have before me number two of *Vagrant Leaves*, which is the monthly organ of the "Vagrants"—a club, as I gather, composed of men who write, men who play and sing, and men who jest. The letterpress and the "illustrations" are full of the humorous sportiveness of high animal spirits; and the former has the great merit of being free from any taint of ill-nature.

I have received a copy of a small brochure entitled "A Popular Description of the Small Induction Coil, with a Variety of very Beautiful and Instructive Experiments," which I commend to the attention of your readers. The "small induction coil" is a scientific toy, for which it is claimed that "none present us with such facilities for performing a variety of brilliant and interesting experiments. The battery described for working it is of novel form, and free from the objections attendant on most batteries. There is no unpleasant smell from it when in action; with ordinary care it is not liable to derangement, and may be kept always ready for use. The experiments, most of which require a dark room for exhibition, are very simple, and may be reproduced with ease even by a person wholly unacquainted with electricity. Their brilliancy will, of course, depend on the size of the coil used; but they are all such as can be performed with the smallest size."

This is the season when the almanacks make their appearance, and, accordingly, I have several before me. The *Fun Almanac*, which was published some days ago, is of much the character which has distinguished previous issues from the same quarter. There are plenty of clever comic cuts, and of smart, witty sayings; and, altogether, a very satisfactory twopennyworth is offered.—"Thorley's Illustrated Farmers' Almanac" is mainly a vehicle for advertising his "food for cattle," and therefore claims no special notice at my hands.—Of a different character is Mr. Glenny's "Garden Almanac and Florist's Director," of which that for 1867 makes the thirtieth issue. This little shilling volume constitutes a really perfect and valuable manual for the amateur gardener and florist, who, provided with it, need have no difficulty in being guided as to what to do and how to do it at all seasons of the year.—Of a different nature, again, and showing that wit and humour are not confined to cockneydom, as some of our young metro-

politan scribblers are apt to suppose, is a publication which emanates from Leeds, and is thus entitled, "Tommy Toddles's Comic Almanac, for all t' fowks it waird an' raynd abaght; Happen Witty, Happen Hitty, concernin' ivverything and ivverybody; crammed wi' stuff to mak yuh laugh an' du yuh gold, an' le-ave yuh w' more sense 'an it fun yuh. All t' lot be Tommy Toddles, Ees-quear, Braan-munger, Skysopher, Weatherologer, Fearful Larn'd, an' Yorkshire." There; that's a titlepage for you. Tommy promises much, and certainly performs a good deal, as all may find who will take the trouble to master the Yorkshire provincialisms in which his good things are wrapped up. That, however, I must confess, is a difficult task for a south-of-England eye to accomplish, and to repeat them a still more difficult feat for a London tongue to perform. Tommy finds his market, however, I make no doubt.

#### THEATRICAL LOUNGER

A pleasant two-act comedy, called "Neighbours," by Mr. John Oxenford, has been produced at the STRAND. Mr. Oxenford admits that the idea upon which it is founded is taken from an Italian comedy by Goldoni; but the development of the idea differs considerably in the two comedies. There is very little originality and very little complication in Mr. Oxenford's plot; but the dialogue is lively, and his dramatis personæ, although of a well-worn type, are pleasantly represented by the actors intrusted with their representation. Mr. Ebenezer Block (Mr. Parselle) has an only daughter, Marian (Miss Ada Swanborough), who has secretly encouraged the attentions of a young artist, Frederick Mastick (Mr. Gaston Murray). Mr. Block, who is under the impression that Mastick loves Angelina (Miss Hughes), the daughter of his neighbour, Mr. Benjamin Bunn (Mr. H. C. Turner), determines to promote Mastick's interests with that young lady, and even goes so far as to propose to her father for her, in Mastick's name. Bunn, who is a wealthy tradesman, scornfully rejects Mr. Block's proposal; and Block, in a great rage at Bunn's behaviour on the occasion, counsels Mastick to run away with Angelina. Mastick, afraid to tell Mr. Block that it is Marian, his daughter, and not Angelina, whom he loves, pretends that lack of funds prevents him from acting upon Block's advice. Block is wealthy, and, in a gush of rather uncalled-for liberality, thrusts a £100 note into Mastick's hand, and tells him to be off immediately with Angelina. Mastick (who, I am afraid, is a bit of a scamp) turns Block's advice against himself, and runs off with Marian and the £100 note. However, Marian repents of her unfeeling conduct before she has gone many yards from Block's house, and the two return and implore Block's forgiveness. Block, who was overwhelmed with grief at Marian's flight, is proportionately overjoyed at her return, and the impulsive old booby consents, on the spot, to Marian's marriage with Mastick. Angelina, who is thus disappointed of Mastick, hands herself over to her cousin, Gustavus Grimp (Mr. Belford), a silly, dreamy, lipping fop, whose only business in the piece is to say, "Yes, exactly," to everything that is said to him, and to accept Angelina in the end. It will be seen that the incidents are farcical in their nature, and that there is no reason whatever why the piece should not be played in one act. However, as the whole piece, as it stands, lasts but little over an hour, it is only a very critical spectator who would take serious objection to it on that score. The real fault of the production consists in this, that sentimental sympathy is demanded for the consequences of acts which are in themselves broadly farcical. Mr. Block gives Mastick £100 and actually orders him to elope with a girl whom he regards with total indifference; and when Block discovers that Mastick has run off with his own daughter instead, Block gives vent to his emotion, not in comic indignation, but in a paroxysm of genuine feeling, which is wholly out of keeping with the generally farcical tone of the piece. But I am bound to admit that the audience at large did not appear to agree with me on this point, for the sympathy came on demand, and when the curtain fell Mr. Oxenford, in acknowledgment, received several rounds of enthusiastic applause, bowed from his box, and subsequently from the stage.

The dramatised version of "Barnaby Rudge," produced by Mr. Vining at the PRINCESS'S, must, I am afraid, be pronounced a failure. The adapters, Messrs. Vining and Watts Phillips, have confined their attention principally to the scenes that take place in the bosom of the Varden family, and to the quarrel between Sir John Chester and Haredale. They have tacked the Gordon riots on to the "pretence conspiracy and made them appear to be the consequences of it. They have gathered all the funny things that are put into the mouths of personages in the novel who do not appear in the piece and have crammed them into the mouth of Miss Miggs, who is far and away the most important character in the piece. It is really unnecessary for me to trouble you with a detailed account of the plot; suffice it to say that Mr. Dickens's magnificent novel has had unheard of liberties taken with it—even to the introduction of an idiotic comic song—and that it is utterly impossible for anyone who is not familiar with the novel to make head or tail of the play. Mrs. John Wood played Miss Miggs with such extraordinary vulgarity—sprawling over a table with her feet in the air, falling into a tub (from which she was making a speech to the rioters), and allowing herself to be carried off by the mob with her legs sticking out of it—as to provoke a storm of hisses from a very good-tempered house. Mr. Vining made his customary speech on the occasion, in which he said that the hisses had proceeded from one, or at most two, persons upon whom he had had his eye all the evening; adding, rather illogically, that, if he only knew who the people were who had hissed, he would turn them out of the theatre. I can assure Mr. Vining that much of the hissing that I heard came from the stalls, and most of it from the pit, and that I have never heard so general a disapprobation expressed in a theatre before. Mrs. Wood has some talent for Yankee-gal-ism; and, if she had appeared in one of Mrs. Barney Williams's or Mrs. Florence's parts, she would probably have been successful. The other characters appeared to be sustained, for the most part, by gentlemen who have not read the novel upon which the piece is founded. The scenery is excellent and reflects the greatest credit upon Messrs. Lloyd and Hann. The burning of the Warren is not so effective, to my thinking, as the fire in "The Streets of London;" but it is admirably contrived, notwithstanding.

"The Golden Dustman," Mr. H. B. Farnie's adaptation of "Our Mutual Friend," originally produced at Sadler's Wells, is now being played at ASTLEY'S, under the management of Mr. W. H. C. Nation. The scenery, I believe, is the same as that painted for the piece on its first production at the Wells; but I regret to say that the cast is not by any means so good as on that occasion. There seem to have been some strange mistakes made in appropriating the characters. Thus, the lady who plays Mrs. Wilfer cannot manage, even with the help of spectacles and sombre garments, to look old enough for her part; and she to whom is intrusted that of Bella is—well, certainly not too juvenile in appearance for *hers*. Mr. Fernandez would make a very good Bradley Headstone if he would eschew the transpontine habit of emphasizing such words as "tremendous," "dreadful," &c., by pronouncing them as though spelt "teremendous," "dredful," and so forth. Miss Fanny Gwynne played the part of Lizzie Hexham very prettily. The Eugene Wrayburn of Mr. W. T. Richardson, the Boffin of Mr. W. H. Stephens, and the Wegg of Mr. Atkins, were very fair impersonations. Mr. Frank Talfourd's burlesque, "Atalanta," follows, in which, I can't help thinking, the same mistake in apportioning the female characters is committed; but, as I dare pursue this topic without appearing ungallant, I will let that pass. One thing, however, I must notice, in the hope that it will be rectified: and that is, the thoroughly uncomfortable character of the house. There is such a powerful draught through the stalls that a native of Greenland only could sit out the performance there, and the pit is little better. This should be seen to.

I am very much obliged to the gentleman who sends a correction of what he thinks a blunder I made, last week, in drawing up an imaginary cast of "Barnaby Rudge." My kind friend says I assumed Mr. Tilbury and Mr. Oxberry to be living; but, if he will refer again to the passage, he will see that I allude to "poor Oxberry," and "poor Tilbury," a colloquialism which, I think, implies unmistakably that the actors in question are dead; and, moreover, I prefaced the remarks with the following proviso:—

"How magnificently this piece might be cast if it were possible to do so without reference to the difficulty of getting together the necessary actors!" Surely this is obvious enough!

#### GARRICK DRAMATIC CLUB.

Amateur theatricals, like amateur literature, are seldom worth much. Volunteers may have plenty of zeal, and occasionally no lack of talent; but it requires the training, and skill, and freedom from constraint and nervousness of the regular professional actor to "fit a play" as a play ought to be fitted. In short, private theatricals are generally very decided failures. There are, however, exceptions to this rule; and the performances of the Garrick Dramatic Club are entitled to this distinction. This club, which has been in existence nearly nine years, has its habitat in the populous northern suburb, Islington, and is in a very prosperous condition. The club, since its institution, has nursed up for the regular boards some twelve or fourteen ladies and gentlemen who are now fulfilling engagements in the London and provincial theatres; and the performances of its members have, on more than one occasion, elicited the commendations of such competent judges as Messrs. Henry Marston, Horace Wigan, David Fisher, the Brothers Webb, and others. The club, in fact, is emphatically (what it aspires to be) a school for the study of the dramatic art, and the members well merit the success which has attended their efforts. I was present, on Tuesday evening, at the first performance of this season of the members of the club, and have pleasure in saying that I was very much gratified indeed with what I witnessed. Faults there unquestionably were; but, where there was so much of excellence, I am not disposed to scan shortcomings too curiously. The most notable of these defects were a general timidity and nervousness on the part of some of the performers, which caused them to seem not quite so well up in their parts as they should have been; and certain hitches in the working of the scenery. These were incidents, however, which might be expected on a first night of an amateur company's performance, and may therefore be overlooked. The Penton Hall, Pentonville, where the performance took place, is of very limited dimensions; and this, of course, entailed serious inconveniences upon the managers, who, however, acquitted themselves wonderfully well, all things considered.

The programme included the farce of "The Married Bachelor" (which was over before I entered the hall, and of which I cannot, therefore, speak), and Mr. Watts Phillips's drama of "The Dead Heart." The principal parts were thus distributed:—Robert Landry, Mr. Henry Esmond; the Abbé Latour, Mr. Edward Boulton; Count (and Arthur) St. Valerie, Mr. S. Hamilton; Anatole Toupet, Mr. W. S. Johnson; Catherine Duval, Miss Austin; and Cerisette, Miss Harvey. The acting of Mr. Boulton, as the Abbé, and of Miss Austin, as the unhappy Catherine, was really excellent, and in some passages would have been no disgrace to the boards of any theatre. Indeed, I have seen worse acting many a time on boards where considerable pretensions to perfection are made. The performance of Mr. Hamilton also possessed merit; but I would respectfully suggest to this gentleman that some sixteen years are rather too brief a period in which to develop the handsome moustache he sported as Arthur St. Valerie. In the course of the evening an occasional address, written by Mr. Henry Esmond, as an introduction to the revolutionary drama, was very efficiently spoken by Mrs. Newberry, in the character of History. For this address I must beg you to find a place, not on account of any special merits it possesses, but as an encouragement to Mr. Esmond and others. On the whole, I was very greatly pleased on Tuesday evening, and hope to witness the performances of the members of the Garrick Dramatic Club again.

#### AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS, BY HENRY ESMOND.

Peace reigns around; no longer dreaded war  
Usurps its place, no longer Europe lies  
Steep'd deep in blood; yet but a few months since  
Arm'd men and trained bands  
Broke o'er the smiling corn-fields rich with grain,  
And man 'gainst man, in fratricidal mood,  
Cried loud for war, and sought each other's blood.  
From these events France haply held aloof,  
Resting on laurels she had bravely won,  
Studying those arts that do engender  
Peace and good-will and love 'mongst all mankind.  
Yet o'er its page of history we turn,  
And show to-night a dreadful episode  
Of this fair land, renowned in arts and song.  
And shadow forth events and fearful crimes  
Committed 'neath sweet Liberty's fair name.  
Rebellion stalked abroad with giant strides,  
The Judge of yesterday became the Culpit of to-day;  
Brother 'gainst brother lifted murderous hand,  
All help'd the general carnage of the hour.  
The Guillotine, the assassin's red right hand,  
Reared high its ghastly form; its fatal knife  
Spared none, nor high! nor low! nor rich! nor poor!  
Hearts then were dead indeed!  
The poor young Sculptor, he whose fate to-night  
We show, is but a type, an emblem of the age  
In which these dire events occurred.  
Let History, then, as with reflecting glass,  
Show to the Present shadows of the Past.

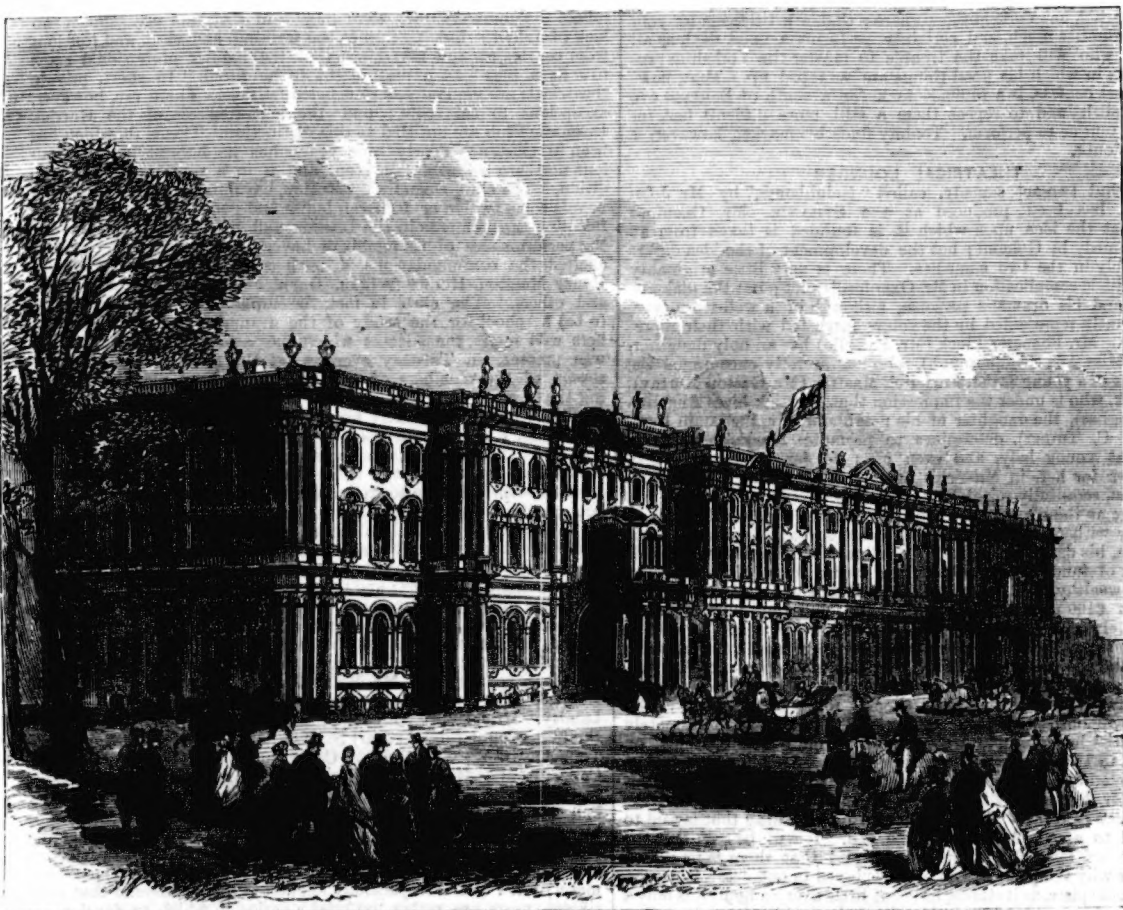
#### ARTEMUS WARD.

The famous Artemus Ward, whose quaint, original works have made for him a reputation as European as it is American, made his first appearance in England to a crowded audience, at the EGYPTIAN HALL, on Tuesday evening last. The lecture or entertainment is called "Artemus Ward Among the Mormons." It is divided into two parts, and is advertised to commence at eight and to conclude at half-past nine. As the personal appearance of literary men is usually a matter of interest, it may be as well that we should state that Artemus Ward—or rather Mr. Charles Browne, for that is Artemus Ward's earthly name—in no respect resembles the ordinary notion of a "showman;" on the contrary, in person, air, and manners he is elegant and distinguished, and realises a young lady's notion of a poet. His voice is clear, his delivery excellent, and his American accent is very slight indeed. His entertainment was not only a great success, but a genuine and deserved one. His lecture is not only a brilliant "talk," full of point, and here and there containing flashes of real wit and touches of true humour, but it is singularly and strikingly original. It is like nothing that has been hitherto seen or heard in London. Its most marked peculiarity is its freshness, and the audience of Tuesday last listened with the same sort of pleasure that is derived from the first sight of fireworks. The earnest element of the lecture is an agreeable relief to its sparkling fun, unexpected turns of thought, and shrewdness of observation. We will not destroy the pleasure of our readers by quoting any of the hundred good things they will hear when they pay a visit to the famous American showman. The panorama used to illustrate the narrative is announced in the programme as being "rather worse than panoramas usually are," which is not only strictly true but almost understates the fact. "Artemus" assures us the works of art "are copies of photographs taken on the spot." The special audience that assembles on "first nights" were highly delighted, as were the general public, and their predictions of the popularity of this latest of entertainers will doubtless be fulfilled.

APPEARANCE OF METEORS.—The remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, very early on Wednesday morning, was singularly favourable for astronomical observations, and the great periodical appearance of meteors or shooting stars which was to recur between the hours of one o'clock and sunrise, was witnessed in the metropolis under very favourable conditions. Great numbers of people were abroad in the streets looking for the phenomenon, and at some points, notably on the bridges and in Trafalgar-square, crowds of persons assembled, all of whom were star-gazing. The heavens were deeply blue, and the stars very bright. Almost directly after one o'clock a.m., the sky was first occasionally, then frequently, and soon constantly, streaked with the trains of the countless stars which shot across the heavens. This extraordinary meteoric display occurs once in thirty-three years, and is, of course, looked forward to by scientific men with great interest.



V I E W S I N S T. P E T E R



THE WINTER PALACE.



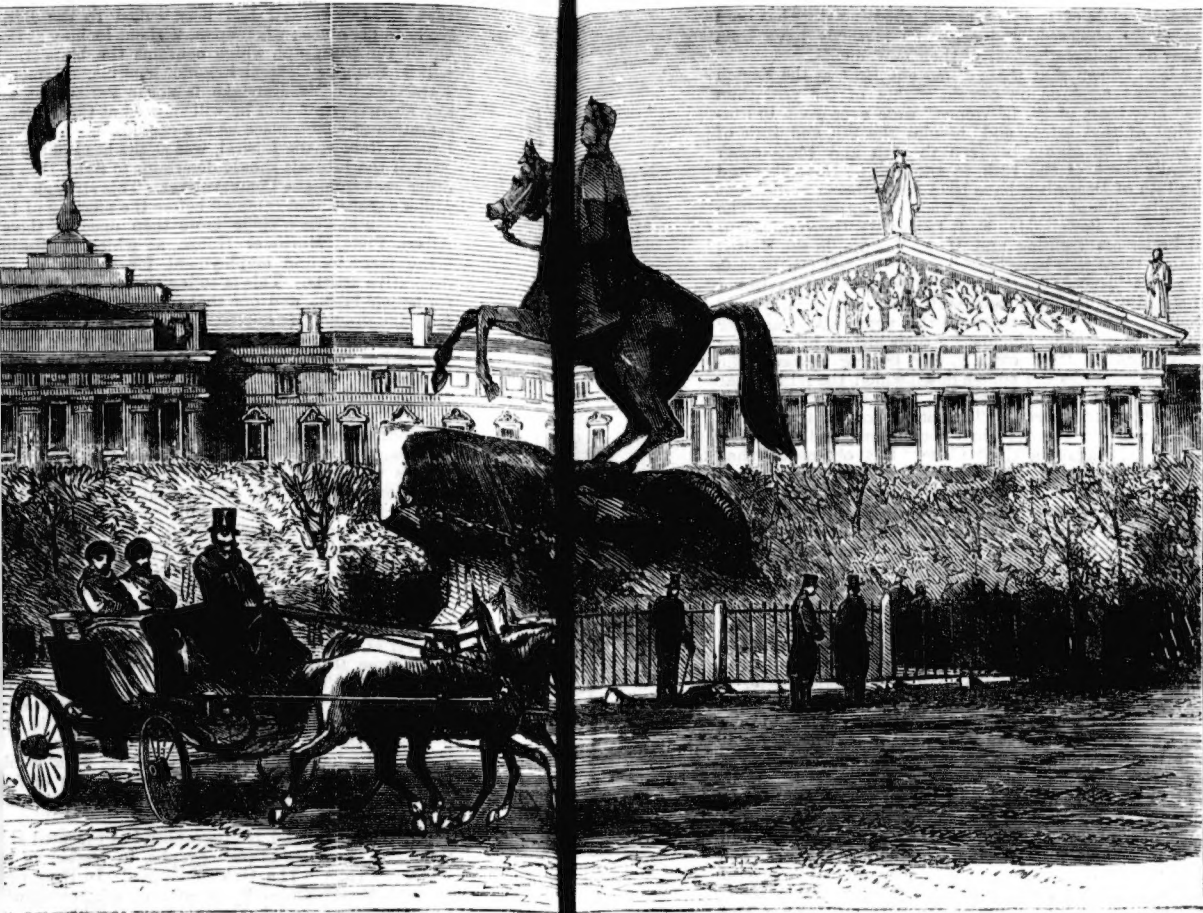
PLACE OF ST. ISAAC, WITH STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG, FROM THE NEVA.



I N S T P E T E R S B U R G .



PLACE OF ST. ISAAC, WITH STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.



PETERHOFF PALACE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE NEVA.



## ST. PETERSBURG.

THE august ceremony—the marriage of the Czarewitch to Princess Dagmar of Denmark—which has just taken place in the capital of All the Russias, gives to the city founded by Peter the Great a special interest just at present. The accompanying Views in St. Petersburg will therefore be welcome to our readers, who will also be glad to know the impression produced on the mind of a stranger by the aspect of the Imperial city. We therefore reprint the subjoined extracts from the letter of the *Times* correspondent, who has gone to St. Petersburg specially to attend and describe the Imperial wedding. He says:—

"St. Petersburg is worthy to be the capital of Russia. An empire of gigantic dimensions ought to have such a vast metropolis as this. This city is built on a really grand scale. The squares immense, the streets interminable, the houses bulky enough to discard ornament and yet be impressive. Like the Pyramids, these huge structures depend for effect upon size alone. The Government palaces and the mansions of the nobles certainly do not want in columns, arched windows, and all the multitudinous ornaments of the architectural art, as developed by the divers ages and peoples of the world. But, as though jealous of the flimsy gingerbread work, massive greatness largely preponderates over the decorative element, and the expanse of the fronts mocks the feeble attempts made to embellish them with friezes, bas-reliefs, and the like. The architects themselves seem to have felt their inability to draw from the finer resources of the art anything to compete with the effect produced by these piles of masonry. Many of the Government buildings and palaces are constructed in the most unpretending styles, with a few pillars stuck in here and there to break the monotonous lines of rectangular windows. The same modest pattern is, upon the whole, followed by private builders, who, like their more ambitious prototypes, rely upon numerous stories and towering walls, rather than upon sconces, cornices, and entablatures. The impression created by this truly Imperial style of architecture is considerably heightened by the extraordinary width of the streets. Not only in the great thoroughfares, but in nearly all the streets situate in the southern or more fashionable part of the town, the houses are seen as well as though they were standing in squares. It is well known that Russian villages are laid out in a style making a liberal use of space and giving free access to the air and light of heaven. A flat country, whose horizon is nearly everywhere bounded by the sky alone, has imbued its inhabitants with a wholesome predilection for air and light; and the feeling originally acquired in the unlimited freedom of the fields has been sensibly allowed to hold sway even under the altered circumstances of a capital. As the dwarfish hut of the peasant looks out upon the broad expanse of sky and acres, the mountains of houses studing the 'prospects' of St. Petersburg front, so to say, wide valleys of streets. All houses, palaces not excepted, are covered with plaster and painted some light colour, after the fashion prevalent in Berlin and Northern Germany generally. But they are, perhaps, better kept than is the case in the Prussian capital, the stucco not showing those ugly fissures and untidy holes but too frequent even in the more elegant parts of Berlin.

"The fashionable life of St. Petersburg centres on the southern quay of the river, and in the neighbouring squares and thoroughfares. Going down the English quay in an easterly direction, you have on your left the river, bordered on each side by rows of lofty edifices. So vast are the proportions of the cadet schools and some other military establishments, that, although separated from you by the whole width of a river rather wider than the Thames at London Bridge, the grandeur of their aspect is hardly marred by the distance at which they are seen. Above them rise high the fantastic spires of some Orthodox churches, painted green, and suddenly showing up in attenuated elenderness from solid square towers. Having passed the Nicholas Bridge, with its granite piers and long stretching iron arches, one reaches an extensive square, or rather succession of squares, in which are the head-quarters of an empire containing some 60,000,000 of human beings. If I tell you that the principal front of the Admiralty, facing the largest of these spacious *plishtshads*, is about half an English mile in length, you will be able to form an idea as to the amount of vacuity required to make a Russian metropolitan square. Two other sides of this stupendous building, at right angles to the one mentioned, form parts of the inclosures of other squares nearly as large as the first; and, when tired with walking over this multiplicity of places, I was dismayed to come upon another which, as my weary feet told me, was larger than the largest yet perambulated. But to begin at the beginning, as I issued on my first exploring expedition, I had the western front of the Admiralty before me, which, being only half as long as the southern, measures no more than the trifle of 650 ft. A little to the south is the statue of Peter the Great, with the truly laconic inscription on its pedestal of natural rock, 'Petro Primo Catherina Secunda.' The bold Emperor dashing forward on his powerful steed is an appropriate emblem of the realm and its ever-rising fortunes. At the back of the monument the eye is caught by the proud peristyle of St. Isaac's Church. Like most of the St. Petersburg churches I have seen, it is a quadrangle, with a colossal dome crowning the centre, and aisles projecting from every side. The aisle in front forms the entrance-halls, the centre and two side aisles make up the body of the church, the remaining aisle being shut off by the *ikonostas*, or folding doors, bearing the holy images, and leading to the sanctuary, which, I believe, is only accessible to the priests. The simplicity of this plan, and the constant recurrence of the Byzantine arch, does not admit of anything like the display of that sublime yet intricate architectural beauty, rendering the Gothic cathedral a wood of pillars, a thing mystically symbolising the palpable grandeur of God and the unfathomable variety of His works. Of its kind, however, St. Isaac's Cathedral is perfect. What shall I say of the gorgeous marble and granite pillars sustaining the dome? What of the glorious pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and of the Apostles effulgent on the gilded *ikonostas*? In bright colours their Divine forms, masterpieces of the ecclesiastical art, stand forth from the glittering background. In the Orthodox Church most of the pictures of saints are fixed types—portraits, so to say, remarkable rather for expression of deep suffering than human beauty; but in this instance the painters have known how to comply with the immutable demands of sacred tradition and yet satisfy the fastidious requirements of æsthetic taste. This *ikonostas* is 50 ft. high, and divided into several partitions by malachite columns, exceeding anything that has yet been done in that precious material. The highest part of the dome, too, is covered with excellent frescoes; and the effect of the extraordinary elevation, coupled with the dim magic light thrown upon them from the windows underneath, make the figures appear as though moving in some heavenly haze. The four outer sides of the quadrangle, or rather, of the aisles jutting out from it, consist of Grecian peristyles supported by pillars 60 ft. high and 7 ft. in diameter. They are all granite monoliths from Finland, and contribute not a little to enhance the pomp and splendour of this famous cathedral. The size of the interior is, however, smaller than might be supposed from the particulars given, and, indeed, unproportionate to the height—a deficiency which, I believe, the cathedral shares with many Orthodox churches, and which, perhaps, is attributable to the plainness of the design.

"Without penetrating into that part of the square extending to the back of St. Isaac's, I continued my way east and entered a sort of parthenon, which, on closer inspection, turned out to be a riding-school for soldiers of the Guard. The Russian inscriptions on two colossal buildings tell us that the Senate of the Holy Synod, the leading boards for the administration respectively of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, are within sight. Between the two is a pillared archway, indicative, one might say, of the intimate connection existing in this country between power and religion. Leaving the War Office to the right, I crossed the square over to the Admiralty, which has a thin, green, mark-of-interrogation-like spire, similar to those of some of the churches. Preparatory to the imminent festivities, flags are hung out from its windows, and lamps ranged beneath the heroic groups and statues holding watch and ward at the pedestal of the

tower. Next comes the Winter Palace, which, although not a fourth part so great as the Admiralty, has yet a frontage of 455 ft. in length and 350 ft. in breadth. It is quite new, having been erected as late as 1839, and that in a rather uninteresting style of flattened Louis XIV. A dwelling house of monstrous dimensions rather than an Imperial chateau, it has hardly a column to support its pretension to be the abode of the highest in the land. Nor is its yellow paint particularly calculated to make up for the want of artistic form. All this, however, refers only to the outside, the interior being, it is said, greatly renowned for elegance and convenience harmoniously blended. In front of it stands a column of the ordinary extraordinary altitude, bearing the statue of an angel with the cross. It was erected in memory of the Emperor Alexander.

"Just opposite the palace, on the other side of the river, are the redoubts forming the fort of Petropavlovsk. They lie on a little islet; and, in accordance with the religious habits of the country, have a separate church attached to them. There the Swedes, who until the beginning of the last century owned these grants, had founded a settlement, protected by earthworks; there Peter the Great, after advancing his empire to these, first established himself under cover of gun-boats; and there Nicholas, the father of his reigning Majesty, used to stow away his spare millions, and amass that fabulous treasure which, thirty years ago, formed the wonder and envy of Western Europe. A boat bridge, with an open chapel at the end, leads to this, the first, and, by the reunion of pecuniary and artistic power within its walls, even now most important part of the metropolitan settlement.

"But it is time we should throw a glance at the Nevski Prospect. The Neva Avenue, as its name might be Anglicised, is the Regent-street of St. Petersburg. Starting from the south-eastern extremity of the Admiralty-square, it stretches right on in a nearly straight line until its further progress is stopped by the river curving down to the south. It is filled with shops of every description; and, while containing many of the most fashionable magazines of the town, and, I dare say, the empire, does not exclude stores and stalls of a humbler sort. Its mixed character is most forcibly brought to view in the Gorstinnoi Dvor, or Bazaar—a faithful picture of an Asiatic caravanserai, where the meanest and the most precious articles are deposited in incongruous vicinity. With one of its fronts this building faces the Nevski Prospect; others extend to less attractive parts of the town, the enormous area between them being divided into several smaller courts by one-storied cross structures. Every inch is occupied with stores and shops innumerable."

Peterhoff is distant from St. Petersburg twenty-five *vers*; the road to it is by the Riga Gate, where the traveller will pass under the triumphal arch erected by the inhabitants to celebrate the return of the Russian army from Paris.

Nothing can be finer than the actual situation of the palace at Peterhoff; on the verge of a steep declivity its windows command the whole extent of the Neva, from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, with the green islands of the Neva and the shore of Finland beyond. But of late years it seems to have found but little favour in the eyes of the Imperial family; and, though both the gardens and palace are still kept in the strictest order, they are seldom visited by them. The gardens are not so extensive as those at Tsarsko Selo; but their situation is far more beautiful, and their arrangement more tasteful. The waterworks are considered but little inferior to those at Versailles. That called the Samson, in front of the palace, is a magnificent jet d'eau, 80 ft. high; and from it to the sea, a distance of 500 yards, runs a canal, wherein are many smaller fountains. On each side of the fountain of Samson, so called from a colossal bronze figure tearing open the jaws of a lion whence rushes the water, are other jets d'eau, which throw water vertically and horizontally; these basins are at the foot of the elevation on which the palace stands. In the centre is a broad flight of steps leading to the castle, and on each side a continuous range of marble slabs to the top of the hill over which the water pours down, the slabs being placed high and far apart, so as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. This is done at the Peterhoff fêtes.

The principal attraction at Peterhoff is the old castle built by Peter the Great; and, although every Emperor and Empress has made alterations and additions, the character of the whole is the same as that of all the palaces built by that Czar; even the yellow colour, which was its original hue, is always renewed, and, like them, its architecture is very insignificant in character, and deserves as little to be mentioned with Versailles or the other French châteaux, which may have served as models, as the Kazan Church deserves to be compared with St. Peter's at Rome.

## METEORS AND METEORITES.

(From the Times.)

IT is not much beyond the memory of living men that the fall of stones from the sky to the earth became generally recognised as an indisputable fact in nature. Tradition and authentic history had centuries ago told of stones that had "fallen down from Jupiter" or "from the sun." Anaxagoras attributed a stone that fell from a cloud in Thrace, throwing out splinters as it fell, to the latter source; its description by Pliny alludes to the burnt exterior, which is the peculiar attribute of every meteorite. The Ephesian image, like others recorded in Greek literature, was *ἀκκρίβης*. The stone at Emessa, in Syria, worshiped as a symbol of the sun, and of which portraits are preserved on the coins of Elagabalus, is certainly in its form and from its description to be recognised as one of those meteorites with which modern science is familiar.

Abydos and Potidæa preserved stones whose fall from heaven had been seen; at Corinth was one venerated as an image of, or rather a thing sacred to, Zeus, while that dedicated to Venus at Cyprus is described by Tacitus and Maximus Tyrius in just the language in which we should now describe the greater number of the meteoric stones in our museums. Like the stone in Syria described by Herodian, it was of a somewhat pyramidal form, standing on a broad base. The famous Caaba stone at Mecca, the adoration of which even Mohammed did not dare to interfere with, is believed to be a meteorite. Livy recounts three falls of stones that were enumerated in Roman history, and the records of the last eighteen centuries are not without similar evidence that rain and hail and snow are not the only showers that reach us from the sky. Indeed, on one memorable occasion, Nov. 7, 1492, just as Maximilian was on the point of engaging the French army near Ensisheim, a mass of stone weighing 270 lb. fell in the presence of the combatants. A specimen of it is in the British Museum. This was perhaps the largest stone meteorite known until the June of this very year, on the 9th of which month, in a rusenyak village in Hungary, named Knyahinya, a shower of stones fell, whereof the largest, said to weigh above 5 cwt., but broken in two pieces, is now in the Imperial collection at Vienna. Masses of meteoric iron far larger than this are known, and are to be seen in different public collections.

The endeavour to explain so extraordinary an event as the fall of stones and of masses of iron from the clear heaven has called forth many speculations, such as that of their projection from lunar volcanoes—a source incompatible with their enormous velocity—or, again, that of their formation by some supposed, but impossible, concretionary forces in the atmosphere. A more probable, but even yet far from established, mode of accounting for them—for opposed to it are two or three meteorologists, including even the illustrious name of Quetelet—links the fallen meteorite with the "falling star," viewing them both as matter that has wandered to our world from distant nothingness.

Swift, silent, luminous, the "shooting star," with its trail of light, glides down the sky; equally swift, and with intenser light, silent, too, except in some cases where it bursts with noise as well as with the clustered glories of a rocket, is the "fireball," another form of luminous meteor. Rushing from flame and cloud, heralded by explosions as of thunder or ordnance that are echoed over a large district of a land, the meteorite is hurled from heaven to earth. Yet they are, perhaps, the same event seen under different circumstances and from different points of view, just as the distant fleecy line that lies on the landscape is but one aspect of the railway train that

thunders by us an hour later, the embodiment of speed and power. But what astonishes us, when we examine the product of all this turmoil in the sky, is the smallness of the stony masses that remain as its result; and even that result seems an exceptional one, for to ten million of luminous meteors and shooting stars that may be seen from our earth, perhaps barely one case of a fallen meteorite can be recorded.

Of late years the class of meteors termed shooting stars has been somewhat carefully observed, and scientific methods have been brought to bear on the investigation of their movements.

It has long been known that these *étoiles qui filent*, as the French call them, are more common on certain nights of the year than others. The "fiery tears of St. Lawrence" were ever wont to illuminate the vigil of that saint; and, besides the 9th and 10th of August—or, rather, the nights between the 9th and 14th—other periods, especially those of the 12th to the 14th of November and the 6th to the 12th of December, have been remembered at different times as especially brilliant by reason of their "shooting stars." The late Professor Baden Powell, Mr. E. J. Lowe, Mr. Greg (of Manchester), and Professors Twining and H. A. Newton, in the United States, are among those who have brought together all the records possible of these coincidences. The result is that the periods of maximum frequency of shooting stars have been multiplied considerably, and found to occur in many other parts of the year. And another forward step has been taken elucidating their history by pursuing the inquiry—whence do they come? By tracing upwards the thread of light that marks the course down which the falling star is gliding, one projects a line upon the sky. The stars are here our landmarks, or rather sky-marks. The projection of the line of a second meteor will cut the first line somewhere, and that of a third would cut it in again a third place. But observation has shown that in fact the lines thus formed for a vast number of meteors meet when so extended not in many places, but in one. That, in fact, however broadcast on the sky their directions in space may seem to be, they really emerge from one point, or from a small region that may be called a point. There are several such points already determined, and to each of these therefore belongs a distinct group of meteoric bodies. Of course these points in space from which each group of shooting stars thus seems to emanate are but the several "vanishing points" in that vast perspective on which their tracks are projected, and of which the canvas is the vault of infinity. So a line drawn from each of these points to the earth indicates a distinct direction, along which meteoric matter is distributed; or, rather, the direction of a region in space, in some cases of apparently vast enough width or depth for the earth to take many days in traversing it, but far vaster yet in its length, for it stretches away into distances in space which we know not as yet how to measure.

Mr. Olmsted, in America, was the first person who attempted to deal with this problem of the directions of meteors, and he showed that the November showers, during their brilliant visitation in 1833, appeared to emerge from a point in the heavens near the star  $\gamma$  Leonis. Others have pursued the inquiry, and while several such points or "regions of excursion" have been tolerably accurately determined by the joint labours of Dr. Heis, of Münster, and Mr. Alexander Herschel, in England, the latter observer has even ventured on an indication of the form of the sections of the regions themselves.

While the annual recurrence of meteoric showers in certain weeks would thus seem to indicate that the path of the earth and the courses of these regions of meteoric matter intersect at the parts of the earth's orbit that she passes over during these periods, there is a cause in operation, perhaps arising from secular fluctuations or oscillations in the directions of these meteor-streams, perhaps from variability in the distribution of the matter in different parts of their courses, owing to which the numbers and brilliancy of the shooting stars of the same recurring period vary much in different years. The remarkable meteoric shower, the date of which has just passed, and which recurs on one of the days between the 9th and 14th of November, appears to have a secular period of maximum recurrence every thirty-three years and a fraction of a day.

Its annual period of return would seem to coincide very nearly in length with that of the sidereal year, but to gain on that year by about one day in seventy years. Professor Newton, of Yale College, United States of America, has traced the historical records of the maximum recurrences of this shower in eleven instances, going back to the beginning of the tenth century; and he founds on these his view that this meteoric matter moves in an orbit (inclined about 7 deg. to our own, as shown by its point of excursion), with a node that has a retrograde motion along the ecliptic. We may hold, then, as established on tolerably substantial grounds that these showers of meteors indicate so many various regions in space, along which matter is distributed, and through which it is moving forward, as in a stream, with a cosmical velocity; and that when the earth in its orbit annually traverses these regions many of the minute motes of matter that form the meteoric beam get involved in our atmosphere and acquire, in so doing, a luminosity that often extends to the path they traverse. Looking up from our earth and tracing the direction taken in the sky by a shooting star, we may determine one part, at least, of the course of the whole meteoric flight it belongs to, and may so group this wandering matter into systems characterised each by its distinctive region in space. Then arises the question whether the matter so streaming along through the void is but nomad material, left, as it were, after "the worlds were made, and wandering outlawed from obedience to any solar centre; or whether these broad regions of matter peopled space are but pathways along which such planet-dust is moving in loyalty to our sun, and bound up in the same system of vassalage to it that includes at once planets, satellites, and comets. At present the latter seems the most satisfactory explanation of the greater number of the "shooting stars." Possibly it may hereafter be found not equally applicable to the majority of the meteorites. We may, then, on this view, suppose the meteoric matter to be distributed in many great rings or ellipses, wherein our sun is a focus, and inclined at different angles to the ecliptic; and through these different annular regions our earth's orbit may be supposed to pass at various periods of the year. Whether any of these annuli cut that orbit more than once there are not grounds as yet for saying. We assume that shooting stars must be matter extraneous to our globe, and that their luminosity is probably due to their having become entangled in our atmosphere. Let us see what would be the result of such an entanglement.

Sir John Herschel handled this problem, in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1848. He showed that the very high latent heat of air, in the higher and rarer parts of the atmosphere, would be a sufficient cause for an enormous development of heat in the event of this air being compressed before a body advancing into it with a planetary velocity. The actual velocity of shooting stars has been repeatedly measured, and it is found that after entering our atmosphere and becoming visible at a height often more than a hundred miles above the earth, the meteor maintains for a second or two a speed of above thirty miles per second—a speed in front of which even the attenuated atmosphere at that height must be a most formidable obstacle. This velocity may be dealt with in a somewhat practical manner by estimating it in the form of its equivalent of heat. We may put the problem in two forms:—1. Given the mass of the body and given its speed, how much heat must we expend to produce a force able to arrest its progress; or, supposing this progress arrested by mechanical causes, how much heat could be developed as a consequence of this arrest? 2. Given the speed of the body, and given the heat evolved in the process of bringing it to a standstill, what must be the mass of the body? One of the Herschels of the third generation has dealt with the "falling star" by the latter method. Measuring the velocity, and determining the illumination exhibited by the meteor developed, we may suppose, by the retarding effect of the atmosphere, Mr. Alexander Herschel compares this light to that given out by the combustion of coal-gas, and calculates the power which the heat required to produce an equal amount of illumination is capable of generating. The result is an approximation towards



determining the weight of the portion of matter which has produced the luminous line in the sky.

Thus, to take an example, just before ten o'clock in the evening of the 10th of August, 1863, one shooting star was accurately observed from three places, whence its height from the earth was calculated at 71 miles. It lasted one second, during which time it traversed a space calculated at 38 miles. The light at Hawkhurst, from which it was 135 miles distant, was equal to that of the star  $\alpha$  Persei, and was estimated for the time it lasted as equivalent to that due to the burning of 19 ft. of a standard coal-gas. From this, the weight of the body assumed to be travelling at the average rate of 30 miles per second is calculated at 108 grains; and this calculation probably overstates the weight of matter necessary to produce the bright spectacle of a falling star. Mr. Herschel's estimate in this way of the weight of twenty such well-observed meteors gave them values varying between about 30 grains and 7½ lb. Now, the weights of many of the meteorites that have reached the earth do not attain this larger quantity, though among them are also many that far exceed it; while, furthermore, they often have fallen in veritable showers, sparsely strewing the earth for miles with bolides of various forms and sizes, or with their fragments.

#### AN ENGLISH YACHTMAN'S VOYAGE.

THE iron schooner *Themis*, of about 140 tons, belonging to Captain T. B. Hannam, is now dismantling at Southampton, having recently returned from a somewhat remarkable voyage to the Sandwich Islands and back, under the command of her owner. The *Themis* left England on April 17, 1864, her owner and captain being accompanied by his wife and her attendant, a crew consisting of a chief officer (who had been a naval Lieutenant), second mate, carpenter, six able seamen, steward, cook, and boy. Touching on her way out at Madeira, Tenerife, Rio, in the River Plate, and Port St. Julian, the yacht, on Aug. 30, rounded Cape Virgin into the Strait of Magellan, clearing it by Cape Pillar, at the western entrance of the Strait, early on the morning of Sept. 12, being a week or ten days before (in these latitudes) the vernal equinox. On Dec. 13 the yacht sailed from Callao, on the west coast of South America, for the Sandwich Islands, having an unbroken distance of over 5000 miles of seaway to traverse; and the command had devolved upon her owner—the chief officer, who was the only person on board acquainted with the science of navigation, having died off the Island of Massafra on the 4th of November. *Themis* was made in forty days; and from the 22nd of January, 1865, till the 29th of November, the *Themis* was kept cruising about among the Sandwich Islands, every anchorage in them being once, or oftener, visited. The *Themis* left the islands on the 29th of November on her homeward voyage, taking the track to the southward through the Marquesa group. Valparaiso was reached on the 8th of February, 1866; and at this port the yacht was thoroughly refitted for the great feat of the voyage, her owner having determined to return homethrough the Sarmiento Channel and the Strait of Magellan. It may be mentioned that the Sarmiento Channel is an additional inner navigation, branching north-west and north from the western part of the Strait, of over 300 miles in length. His object in this was to judge for himself as to the advantages of navigation through the Strait in a considerable saving of distance and an evasion of the tremendous seas and much of the inclement weather for which the higher latitudes rounding Cape Horn are so unenviably notorious. Leaving Valparaiso on Feb. 21, the yacht on March 19 (corresponding to the time of our autumnal equinox) entered the Gulf of Penas and the Sarmiento Channel round Byron Island, a spot to be remembered as that on which the *Wager* was lost from Anson's squadron, in 1741. On May 23 the *Themis* finally cleared the Strait of Magellan, and again rounded Cape Virgin, into the South Atlantic, the interval having been employed in the careful exploration of every inlet and channel in this intricate navigation, the examination of anchorages and places for supply or shelter, and ascertaining the existence and correct position of all known or suspected dangers. These investigations, extending over a period of two months, were carried on amid the difficulties of frost, sleet, darkness, storms, and narrow winding waters, so well known to navigators frequenting these inhospitable regions. The yacht called at Montevideo, and left that port for England on the 12th of June. The most lamentable incident of the voyage was the death, on Jan. 6 last, of Mrs. Hannam, the wife of the captain, whose remains were carefully preserved on board the yacht, and on arrival buried in the spot prepared for them in Dorsetshire.

OXFORD POLITICAL OPINIONS.—The subject for discussion at the University Union on Thursday week was, "That, in the opinion of this house, Mr. Bright is a reproach to the country which gave him birth." An amendment was moved, "That, while admiring Mr. Bright's talent, this house regrets that it should be given to the support of a mischievous party." This was negatived, and another amendment moved, "That Mr. Bright's political career for many years past has been such as to render him a most serious nuisance to this country." This was also negatived, and the original motion was then carried, sixty-three voting for it and twenty-six against—majority, thirty-seven.—[What does it matter?]

THE ROCHEDALE LIFE-BOAT.—The uncommon ceremony in an inland district of launching a life-boat, contributed by the inhabitants of Rochdale, was performed at Hollingworth Lake, on Saturday last, in the presence of at least 8000 persons. The life-boat, on its transporting carriage, was drawn by a team of horses through the main streets of Rochdale, manned by the crew of the Blackpool life-boat. The boat is 32 ft. long and 7 ft. 4 in. wide, rows ten oars double-banked, and possesses all the recent improvements. The life-boat is now on its station, at Polkerris, near Fowey, on the Cornish coast, in the place of a life-boat previously on that station, which was becoming unfit for further service.

ALBERT ORPHAN ASYLUM.—The Duke of Edinburgh paid a visit to the City on Tuesday to aid in a good work of charity by personally opening a flower show and fancy bazaar at the Guildhall on behalf of the Albert Orphan Asylum. A large number of ladies and gentlemen assembled to meet his Royal Highness, and the decorations put up for the Lord Mayor's banquet added greatly to the effect of the scene. Amongst the ladies who presided over the stalls were the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Shrewsbury, the Marchioness of Alibury, and Mrs. Sheriff Lyett; and the active competition which the desire to be served by such distinguished hands appeared to create doubtless added greatly to the funds of the charity.

WORKING MEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—On Monday evening the Working Men's Industrial Exhibition, which during the last ten weeks has been open at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was brought to a close. This exhibition has been a success in the fullest sense of the term, and a surplus of £800 is at the disposal of the committee who have had the management of the affair. A choir of several hundred voices sang the "Ode to Labour," which was composed specially for the opening of this exhibition, after which Lord John Manners, First Commissioner of Works, delivered a closing address, in which he paid a high compliment to the character of this and other similar exhibitions which have been held in the metropolis.

THE LOCK-OUT IN THE POTTERIES.—All the earthenware manufacturers of the Staffordshire Potteries, with the exception of seven or eight who do not belong to the Masters' Union, closed their works on Saturday last, and they have since remained closed. Both the committees of the Masters' Union and the executives of the Operatives' Societies met on Tuesday. The former decided unanimously that the lock-out must continue until the whole of the men are hired on the terms laid down by the masters. The operatives' executives passed resolutions designating the lock-out as an invidious, cruel, and unnecessary; and, in the hope of effecting an amicable settlement, and believing that the masters' chief objection to the monthly hiring arose from a fear that it would lead to changes of prices for labour, they offered a guarantee to the masters that no alteration in prices agreed upon at the beginning of the hiring year shall be made during the year. Copies of the resolutions have been forwarded to the Masters' Union; but whether they will have the effect of inducing the employers to give way is doubtful.

A PRINCESS'S DOWRY.—A letter from Copenhagen says:—"Princess Dagmar, the bride of the Grand Duke Alexander, receives a rich dowry, not from her father, as is usual in ordinary families, but from her husband and her father-in-law, Alexander II. By art. 3 of the treaty signed on the 6th of October, the Grand Duke assures to his consort—1. A sum of 10,000 silver roubles (4l. each), as a *morgengabe*, or wedding present. 2. A sum of 100,000 silver roubles given in the Russian form, and the interest of the above 100,000 roubles is to be invested in the Russian funds, and the interest to be paid to the Princess. 3. An annual allowance of 50,000 roubles as pin money. The maintenance of the new Grand Duchess's household will besides be supported by the Imperial treasury. Should the Princess become a widow, her jointure is fixed at 85,000 roubles a year, with a residence suitable to her rank, and her court to be continued at the charge of the State. Should, however, she then quit Russia, the sum would be reduced by one half. The jointure would likewise cease in case of a second marriage. Even in that eventuality the Princess would maintain possession of whatever property she may have acquired personally and independently of her husband, as well as the *morgengabe* and the interest of the 100,000 roubles presented by the Emperor. Lastly, the Princess can only dispose by will of the *morgengabe* in the event of there existing no children by her first husband. By a note delivered before the signing of the contract, and which is annexed to that document, the Danish Plenipotentiary engages, in the name of his Sovereign, to take the necessary steps to obtain from the Parliament of Copenhagen a sum of 60,000 rix-dollars (5l. 50c. each) for the dowry and trousseau of the Princess. That was the form adopted on the marriage of Princess Alexandra with the Prince of Wales."

## Literature.

*Training, in Theory and Practice.* By ARCHIBALD MACLAREN. London: Macmillan and Co.

Now that the University boat-race has come to be considered as important as the Derby, equally in sporting and non-sporting circles, a book on the Oxford training system for boating is sure to meet attention. The subject is of more importance than might be supposed, since there is certainly no diminution of the national love of sport, no matter in what form, and training is indispensable to safety in its enjoyment. At that time of life when young gentlemen, it is said, should be ruining their constitution by late hours and all that that involves—at that time of life a great number of the quietest and best-disposed young gentlemen in the world are unconsciously ruining their constitutions by a bad system of training—by over-training, or overworking without training. These are the poor fellows who make interesting figures in society, principally because hectic, and go off at thirty-two, "full of promise." Of course, it is pleasant to be adored, though only for a short time; and to be the hero of a few matches on river or field is bliss. But it is dearly bought at the price of sighing out *Finis*, in the intervals of a churchyard cough, at the age of thirty-two. Training should be looked upon from a medical point of view, and nothing can be more interesting than the study and practice of the medical art and all that pertains to it. Without at once setting before the reader a half-rat leg of mutton and a biscuit, with no vegetables and nothing to drink, we can easily show what training means and how the necessity for it arises. Mr. Maclaren very sensibly says that every operation of the muscles or nerves involves the disintegration and death—it is absolutely death, and not only annihilation, but obliteration—of a certain part of their substance. This loss is to be made up only by food. Some few clever people may know all this already; but still others may be delighted to hear the fact, as was the gentleman in *Molière*, who found he had been "speaking prose all his life without knowing it." But it leads to training, and training means adapting that wear and tear of muscle or nerve, and making it good by food, for a certain purpose. In the book before us Mr. Maclaren considers this wear and tear, replacement, and increase of strength, in reference to boating only. For boating, training will produce a new heart and lungs built especially for boating, and as unlike the former ones as a boating suit of flannel is unlike a shooting-coat or evening costume. This is all very well; but it is distinctly laid down that hard exercise of the organs increases their size as well as their strength. This must be as unpleasant to the chest as to its tenants; for it is certain that rowing will not make the chest expand, whilst very possibly it may make it contract. "Take a good pull, man, and throw out your chest," is a fair specimen of the advice gratis to dyspeptics. True, the heart is said to contract seventy-five times per minute under ordinary circumstances, and in rowing it might be 110 to the minute; but we do not think that contraction means becoming permanently smaller.

Without criticising the plans of exercise and diet, which occupy a considerable part of the volume, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Maclaren is fully against the error of treating all young men alike. They must be treated according to their constitution and capacity, and forced out by moderate degrees. Some men think that they have but an allotted allowance of strength, and they keep themselves idle in order to reserve their powers for a particular purpose. Nothing can be more wrong. Physical exercise will brace the body to greater ends, just as study will produce study, and its rewards. But only up to a certain point. Beyond that disease sets in. As to what a man can do by practice, let Mr. Maclaren speak for himself what are our own views:—

In plain and simple truth the strength of a man, and his respiratory capacity also, will be in proportion to what he does take out of himself by exertion; literally and absolutely so, contradictory as it may seem, paradoxical as it may sound. The more rapidly a man does wear down the tissues of his body by properly regulated exertion the greater will be their strength and serviceability, the greater will be their bulk and consistency, the greater their functional capacity in every way in which function can be legitimately performed; because the action of the several systems of the body are so perfectly in accord that the very process which causes the destruction also accomplishes the reproduction; and the organic law regulating power is, as we have seen, that it shall be in relation to the youth or *renewal of the parts exercising the function.*

Some of Mr. Maclaren's observations must be taken with far more grains of salt than are sufficient to catch sparrows when placed upon the tail. He does not know the use of vegetables in diet; and he might easily learn that their use is to prevent a too rapid digestion of meat, which would render meat useless for food. We are by no means sure that collegians and others, before going into training, should not take a course of medicine, although they had better do so under professional advice. And it is certain that, as the human body goes by temperature, it must be wrong to begin the day with heavy food before the stomach has become fitted to receive it. Despite all training exercise, we exclaim against this perpetual beef and mutton, beginning the first thing in the morning and winding up the last thing at night. Just as exercise and training should be taught by degrees, so should the food necessary be given by degrees. A light breakfast for the light exertion, a sound dinner for the sound exertion. All the world finds it so. And, moreover, if a trainer will pardon us, may we ask if to pull a four or an eight be the end which the "governor" has in view when consulting the head of a college concerning "my boy"? It is one of the most delightful things under the sun, truly; and any little isolated fortnight of doctor and nurse, of keeping quiet, of slops, of kind, reckless visitors, playing cards on the sick-bed for "sprats" by the "gudgeon," and all the artificial ills piled upon the natural ills which flesh is heir to, is enough to make the heart leap at remembrance of things done on the Isis, the Cam, and the Thames. But surely the old gentleman expects for his son a "little Latin and less Greek" and some divinity, whilst he himself supplies his own mathematics by "making both ends meet." Therefore, in training, and all that is comprised therein, some regard must be had for the study of those dreary, useful books which only one in a thousand can love. Heavy breakfasts will make heavy tasks.

*Poems.* By JEAN INGELOW. With Illustrations by Eminent Artists. London: Longmans and Co.

Miss Ingelow is one of three recent writers of verse—Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Buchanan being the other two—of whom it has been found possible by serious criticism to speak the word poet. Of the three, too, she is the one who has in her the elements out of which instant popularity is made. She willingly and naturally keeps within the bounds of the domestic thought of our day; the softer idyllic and lyric forms which Mr. Tennyson has made popular are the moulds into which her faculty naturally runs down what it produces; and, above all, she has just that knack of touching, without grasping, modern scepticism, and then bidding it begone, without showing conclusive reason, which is likely to make a new poet popular. Poets are no exception to the general rule—that new writers are rarely popular on the mere strength, or chiefly on the strength, of their merits. Without high poetic merit the "In Memoriam" would never have held its present position in the minds of good judges and the public; but its popularity rests on its happening to embody some of the more obvious forms of scepticism, and that in association with a story of bereavement which anyone may adapt to his own case. Miss Ingelow's poetry, though its melody is quite distinct and original, depends for its popularity on precisely the same features as Mr. Tennyson's—it gives us frequent glimpses of conquered, or at least repelled, doubt; it shows pleasant pictures of the sea, the orchard, and the meadow to weary, dusty town men; and glimpses of the poor as the poor are seen by the cultivated and well-to-do classes. The poetry of this school is not the poetry of nature and life pure and simple; it is the poetry of nature and life as seen by a poet who has stepped out of the study or the boudoir to look at it—and will step back again.

The illustrated edition now before us is a very handsome volume, and will, we should think, be a favourite among the gift books this year. The illustrations, by Messrs. Pinwell, Poynter, Houghton, Small, and others (engraved by Messrs. Dalziel), seem to us, nearly all of them, very good—the bird-pictures being, to our mind, especially real. The illustrations to "Scholar and Carpenter" have something of the album look about them, which we do not like, however. Again, why does Mr. Houghton so constantly make a little girl into a *sprite* by reproducing that one attitude over and over again, as he does, in which the figure makes a Maltese cross? Let him try and get that image out of his head for a little girl. Again, Mr. Pinwell's somewhat harsh, not to say sordid, realism is carried a great deal too far. The illustration at page 233 is of no earthly significance, nor is that at page 297, except to suggest the *petty* realism of our art. The trees are admirable; but who cares for a stupid old hunk, a pallet, and a walking-stick hanging down behind like a tail? When a few words of discontent or irritation like these have escaped us, there remains nothing to be said but warm words of praise. The book is a very beautiful one; the pictures, the printing, and the binding have all been done with the greatest care. We repeat, we think the volume will be the favourite gift-book of the year, and we hope it will.

We have just one word to say, however, about a verse in the "Stair Monument," which we had marked for notice, but forgot when we reviewed the poems on their first appearance. The verse is as follows:—

But did she love him? What and if she did?  
Love cannot cool the burning Austral sand,  
Nor show the secret waters that lie hid  
In arid valleys of that desert land.  
Love has no spells can scorching winds forbid,  
Or bring the help which carries near to hand,  
Or spread a cloud containing faded eyes,  
That gaze up, dying, into alien skies.

What is the use of writing like this? and is it, indeed, worthy of a poet, or true to the best thought of any poet that ever lifted men's minds an inch higher? What kind or degree of intercommunication between love here and love somewhere else is possible, God knows; but there is a respectable superstition to the effect that, though love cannot change physical conditions—unless it be perfect or divine, in which case it is well believed to have, or to have had, the power of working distinct miracles—it can modify our reception of them. It is a very conceivable thing, then, that even an unrequited passion might make the hardest death much easier, and even prove the body or preservative integument of a faith which might make death as though it were not.

*The History of Don Quixote de la Mancha.* By MIGUEL CERVANTES. With Illustrations by Gustave Doré. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

It is too late in the day to criticise the immortal history of the crazy knight and his prosaic squire. Scholars will tell you that if you have not read it in the original you have no more idea of its true merits than you would have of the last new opera from hearing one of its tunes on a barrel-organ. But the inadequacy of translations cannot deprive us of all enjoyment of the rare story. We can still appreciate the marvellous skill with which the poetic Don is made to contrast with the matter-of-fact Sancho, the rich humour of the fine tomfoolery so gravely told, whereby knight and squire are deluded, and the fine imagination shown in the more serious tales interwoven like threads of gold through the coarser fabric of the narrative.

The illustrations by Doré are, however, portions of the work which more immediately call for criticism. The mind of the artist fortunately has many of the qualities in common with that of the author he illustrates, and his pictures range from the poetic to the broadly comic in thorough keeping with the text. Some of Doré's finest effects will be found in this volume. He has seldom equalled and never surpassed the picture of the brook and glade, to be found at page 58, while for a perfect realisation of a flood of pure golden sunlight the scene depicted at page 310 will stand unrivalled as a drawing in mere black and white. Some marvellous night-effects and some splendid bits of sea and sea-shore will be found at pages 268, 274, while here and there a scene such as that presented at page 496 proves that the scope of Doré's powers is a thing to be not very easily defined. Perhaps the chief fault to be found with his work in this instance is only really a further proof of this fertility, that fault being that he does not confine himself to one type of the Don, who is a veritable scarecrow in one cut and a very respectable gentleman in the next.

The book is well turned out, on tone paper, and with bold type; but the printing of the illustrations is not what it might—and should—be. In some instances the work is quite "rotten," as printers say.

*A Tramp's Wallet; or, Storing by an English Goldsmith During his Wanderings in Germany and France.* By WILLIAM DUTHIE. A Re-issue. London: Robert Hardwicke.

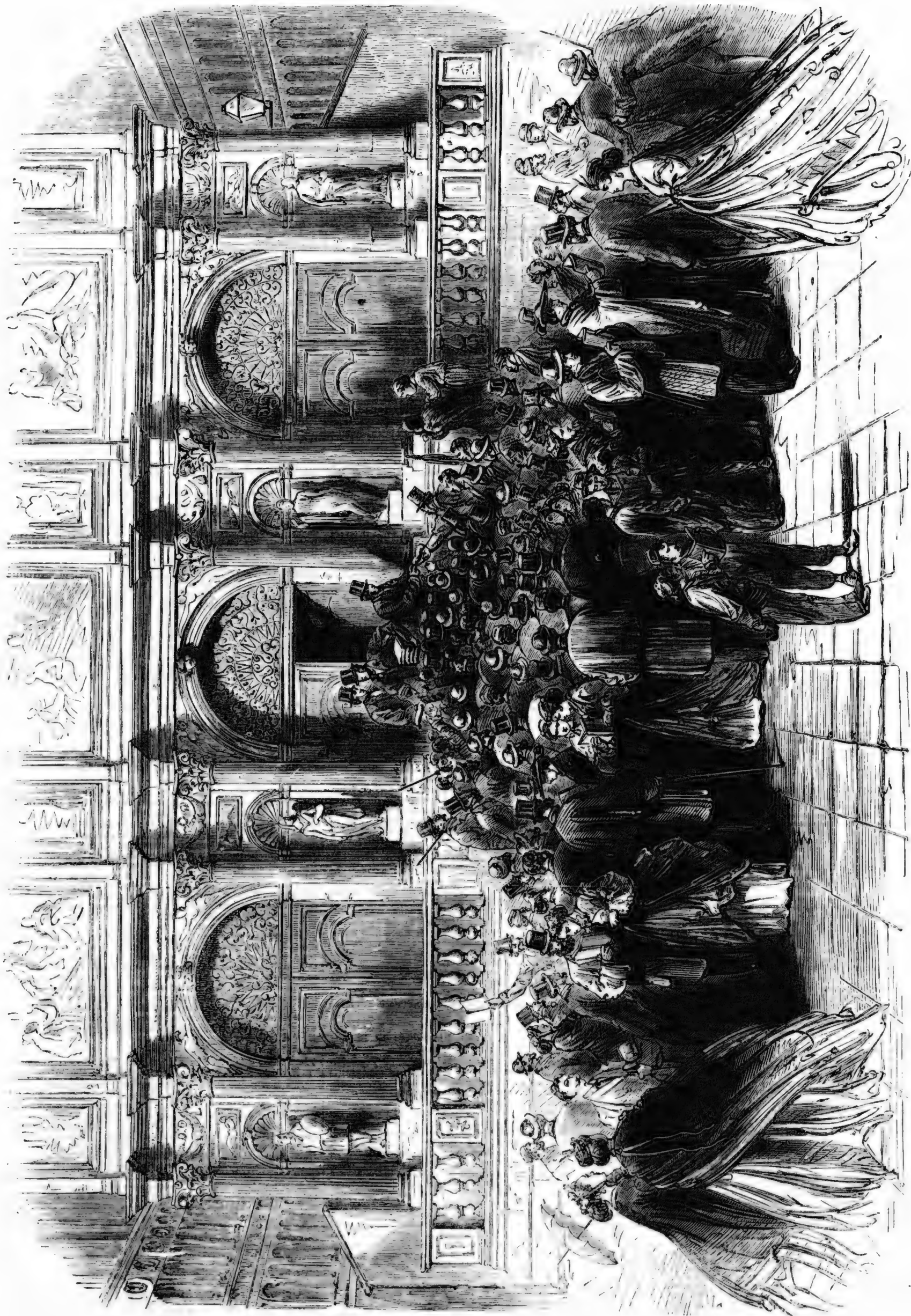
We should have been glad, for Mr. Duthie's sake, if the "re-issue" of his "Tramp's Wallet" had been a new edition. A "re-issue" means no more than a newly-printed titlepage and a newer date; and the difference of colour between the present titlepage and the text is ample evidence that the book when first published did not sell off. Some eight or nine years ago it first appeared, dedicated to Mr. Charles Dickens; and, as a working man's book, attracted some attention. Without any pretensions to style, the writer makes his descriptions clear and readable. He is observant and acute; and, moreover, his personal character at once makes the reader his friend. Unfortunately, his experiences are now twenty years old, and things have, doubtless, undergone material changes. But his accounts of joining foreign workmen at their work, and their way of living, so totally distinct from that of Englishmen of the same class or calling, are full of interest and material for the new set of thinkers who are so eager for international congresses of working men, mutual conciliation courts between master and man, &c. The pictures of travel take us over very old ground, but they are fresh sketches, and the more welcome because they do not emanate from any blazé being of a superior world, but from a genuine, honest mind desiring to elicit the truth from all with which it comes in contact.

*The Thames Illustrated by Photographs.* First Series: Richmond to Cliefden. By RUSSELL SEDGFIELD. London: Marion and Son.

This is a neatly got-up little volume of photographic views of scenes on the Thames between Richmond and Cliefden, accompanied by descriptive letterpress. This series commences with a "View at the Ferry, Cliefden," which occupies the position of frontispiece; and is followed by "Richmond Bridge," "View from Richmond Hill," "Teddington Weir," "Thames Ditton," "Hampton Court Palace, from the River," "The Old Bridge, Hampton Court" (now pulled down), "Walton Bridge," "Magna Charta Island," "Windsor Castle," "Eton College," "Maidenhead," and "Cliefden." The photographs are beautifully executed, and the descriptions are penned in a pleasing and interesting style, free to a large extent of the ordinary platitudes of the guide-book school of literature. A second series, ranging from Cookham to Whitechurch and Pangbourne, is, we are informed, in preparation. When completed, these views will form as handsome ornaments for the drawing-room table as can be conceived. The glorious scenery of the Thames valley well deserves to be so depicted.

THERE ARE NOW THIRTEEN STEAM-PACKET COMPANIES RUNNING steamers between Europe and the United States. These steamers make about 420 round trips every year, and the gross annual revenue they yield is about £4,000,000 sterling. The Italian Government has just subsidised a line of steamers to run between New York and the Mediterranean ports, touching at Madeira, the Azores, Cadiz, and Marseilles; and it is expected that a bill will be passed by the United States Congress next session authorising the subsidisation of American mail-steamers to and from Europe at the rate of two dollars per mile.





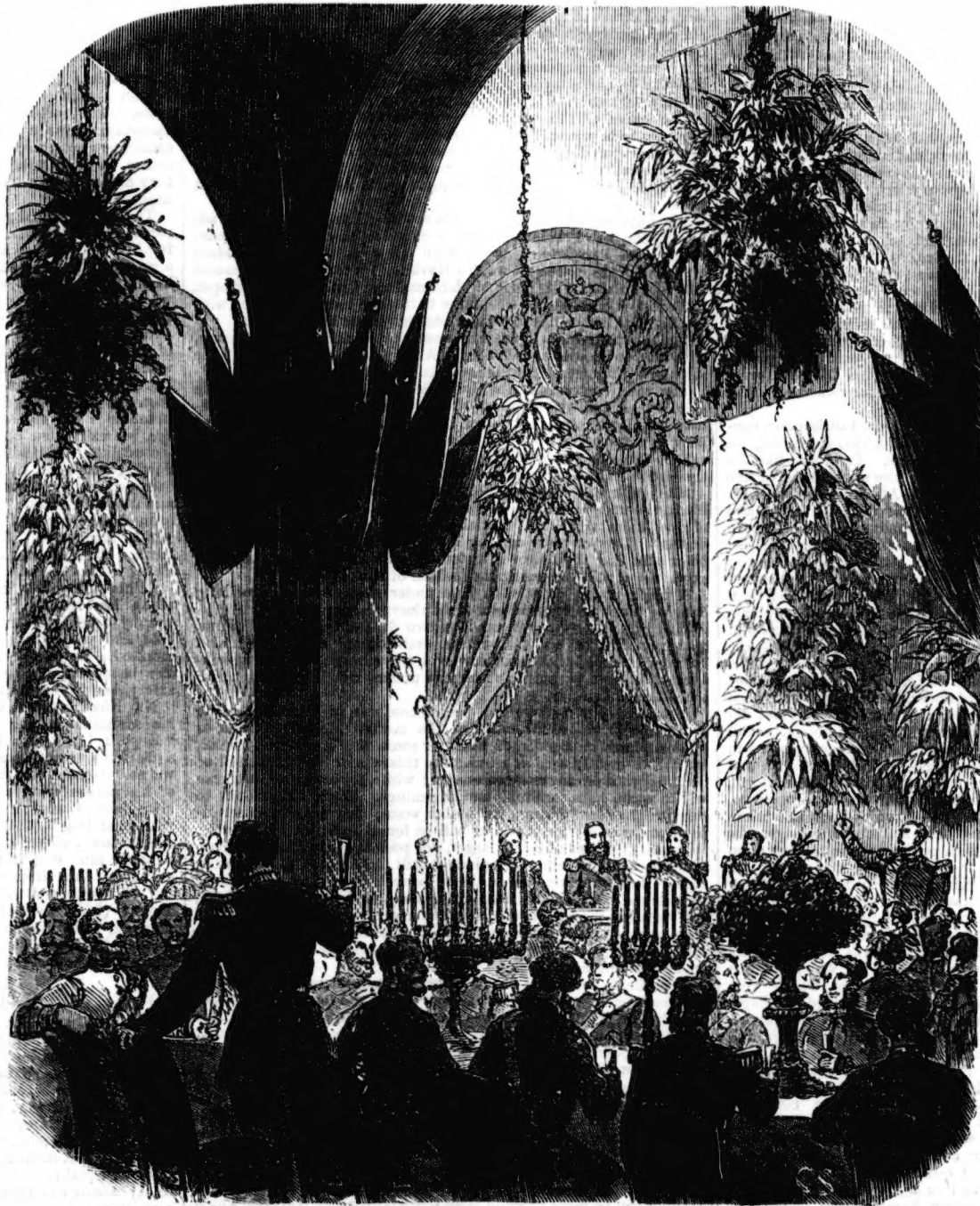
DISTRIBUTION OF COPIES OF THE ITALIAN CONSTITUTION TO THE PEOPLE OF VENICE.



# DISTRIBUTION OF THE ITALIAN CONSTITUTION IN VENICE.

We have already published several illustrations of the remarkable episodes which have accompanied that greatest event in modern history—the liberation of Venetia; and there have been so many scenes of a striking character in connection with the rejoicings of the Venetian people and their reception of the King, that we have been compelled to defer our pictorial record of them. Two of the most suggestive of these occurrences took place before the triumphant rejoicings of the last few days had absorbed the whole population in one general sentiment, and transfigured even Venice by a fuller blaze of light and gorgeous colour, which almost eclipsed its grand historical buildings and concealed the monuments which have made it famous. One of these scenes was witnessed the very day after the announcement of the *plebiscite*, and was strangely ominous in the present position of the religious domination in Italy. Signor Pellatis, chief of the National Guard, had requested the corps under his command to assemble in front of the house of the Cardinal Archbishop, and when they had done so, and waited for some time, they were astonished to see the dignitary of the Church and their own commander issue together from a window of the palace, upon a balcony which overhangs the place where the men were standing. Pellatis had substituted a large Italian flag for the miserable thing that was permitted to be placed there by the crowd on the first day of liberty. The Patriarch began to bless the banners, when there was a negative shout, and the National Guard carried their flag away as rapidly as possible. In the end, by some means or other, the Churchman succeeded in his intentions; but the irritation produced was so great that Pellatis sent in his resignation.

There was great excitement on the subject, and on the 30th of last month "un meeting" was held in a room of the Palazzo Pisani, when speeches were made and resolutions voted in English fashion. The word "meeting" seems to have been definitely adopted into the Italian language, and the thing signified by it is glorified by the press as one of the first fruits of liberty. Signor Pellatis organised the National Guard, and being himself appointed by nobody, nobody seemed



BANQUET TO THE VOLUNTEERS IN BRUSSELS.

to have the right of accepting his resignation; and the *Corriere* says that this supreme head of the civic militia, who stands alone and by divine right, like the King of Prussia, "was one of the absurd consequences of an absurd consequence." It was a question whether Signor Pellatis or 400 members of the National Guard should go, and it appears to have been settled on the former supposition, some one having been found to represent the powers that be, and accept the chief's resignation.

The second event which by the thoughtful may be associated historically with that just recorded, is represented in our Engraving. Compared with all the grand display and decoration, amidst all the frenzy, the flags, and the fireworks, this simple ceremony, which occurred on the 23rd may appear very simple, almost painfully plain, but it was full of a deep meaning, nevertheless.

Beneath the open loggia of Sansorino stood two men quietly dressed, but crying aloud to attract the attention of the people, of whom a large crowd was quickly assembled. Beside them was a pile of blue-covered pamphlets, and ever and anon eager voices demanded copies, and eager hands were held out to grasp them. There were well-dressed citizens, gondoliers, bersaglieri with their plumed hats, rough sailors from the fleet, tattered ragazzini from the streets, and women with their babies, all seeking to see the contents of the thin blue pamphlets, and to learn—what is of more import to them than banners and blue lights—the laws by which they are to be governed. Two librarians of Padua had conceived the idea of reproducing in this form 30,000 copies of the "Statuto Fondamentale del Regno d'Italia," issued by Charles Albert on March 4, 1848, and now at last become possible to be carried into execution in Venice; and these men in the Loggia Sansorino were distributing copies to the people.

## BANQUET TO THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRUSSELS.

The series of hospitable entertainments with which the English and other riflemen were met in Brussels during their late visit was brought to a conclusion by the grand entertainment which the King so graciously gave, and which there can be no doubt will long live in the memory of all who had the honour to be present. The muster



WINTER FASHIONS: WALKING-DRESSES.



place was the street opposite the Musée, and the time twelve o'clock; but, as on several previous occasions, many hundreds of men neglected to make themselves acquainted with the orders, and straggled in after the parade was formed. The number of Englishmen present could not be ascertained with certainty, as some fell in on the march, and consequently the totals of the companies when made up by the sergeant-majors were not reliable, but it is generally believed that at least 800 were assembled when all were seated. All were in full uniform, with side arms, and marched with exceeding regularity. The weather was most remarkable to Englishmen, though it was one of the beautiful days to which the Brussels people are so well accustomed at the season of St. Martin. While forming at the Place de Musée the rays of the sun were as strong as in our June, and the atmosphere was remarkably clear and pure. Great crowds of people were assembled in the streets, and particularly near the pavilion, which, it may be stated, is a new building, intended to be a customs warehouse, and which has only just been finished. Access was obtained to it by crossing a bridge immediately opposite, as it is on the left bank of the river. As soon as the head of the column arrived opposite a salute was fired from an English vessel lying alongside the quay, while the crew manned yards and gave a round of hearty cheers, which the volunteers had the good sense not to return, and thus did not lose the character for steadiness in the ranks which they had gained.

At the entrance to the building there was a guard of honour, consisting of a strong body of men of the line, and a vast assemblage of Belgian officers of high rank, all *en grand tenue*. They too, like the people without, were evidently pleased with the appearance of the riflemen, and welcomed them as cordially. All Brussels had been talking for some days of the preparations that were going on, and from what was known most of those invited expected that the talent for organisation, which it is evident the Belgians possess, would be shown in a very decided manner, but few anticipated so brilliant a scene as that which met the eye on entering. It seemed as though the great conservatory at South Kensington had been emptied of its triumphs, and all the tropical and other plants brought hither. Some hundreds of the rarest specimens of plants in flower and shrubs were arranged about the entrance salle with the happiest effect; and trophies of flags, guns, drums, and swords, with all the deadly weapons known to warfare, were also there; but one conception of the persons who had undertaken the ornamentation of the place was peculiarly happy, and was marked with great delight by the riflemen as they marched through. Placed amongst the tall foliage, by the side of fieldpieces, was one man of every corps in the Belgian service, grenadiers, guides, lancers, artillery and all, and here and there a gendarme. These men were all in full uniform, and were evidently selected on account of their smart appearance. The excellent supply of water which Brussels enjoys was also taken advantage of, for fountains played here and there amongst the foliage, and sparkled and glittered with prismatic rays thrown upon them. Opposite the entrance from the first salle to the second was another surprise. The bust of the King was placed in the midst of a trophy of flags and banners, and was illuminated to a high degree of brilliancy by the electric beams. A second large apartment, used as a reception-room, was decorated in a similar manner, and served to keep the attention awake till the grand salle was reached. This was most admirably adapted for the purpose to which it was devoted. It was a large square hall, the walls of which were painted white, and decorated with immense mirrors framed in foliage, with flags and banners of all the most varied colours intermixed. Crimson draperies were suspended from the arched openings, and when the men found themselves seated and had leisure to remark all the preparations and decorations, it was generally acknowledged that few such scenes had ever been witnessed by them before. Under ordinary circumstances the seating of some 800 men would be a work of difficulty; but on this occasion it only needed "Lord" Lindsay—as the people and newspapers called him—to direct each "four" to divide as they entered, two to the right, and two to the left, when they marched quietly to the vacant places, officers and men indiscriminately, and in a few minutes each man found himself before a *couvert* which foreshadowed the Royal nature of the entertainment that awaited him. Six glasses for the various kinds of wine to be offered were in front of every man's place, and a *menu*, printed in gold, which had been so artistically prepared, both by the engraver and the *chef*, that a wish was immediately expressed to preserve it as a memento; and the wish was generally carried out, though from the large size of the *carte*, its preservation in an undamaged state was only achieved by a few.

Silver plate was in profusion, and down the line of tables, some twenty in number, were golden candelabra filled with wax tapers. By the wish of the King invitations had not only been given to foreign riflemen, but to all the chief Belgian officials and military officers. Thus, among the English, French, and Dutch men present were representatives of all the great bodies of the State, the Presidents of the Legislative Chambers, Cabinet Ministers, the First Presidents and the Procureurs General of the High Courts of Justice, the Court of Accounts, and other bodies; the civil and military governors of the province, the senators and representatives of the arrondissement of Brussels; the secretaries and directors-general of the Ministries, generals of the civic guard and army, the burgomasters of all the great cities throughout the country and of the parts into which the capital is divided, and many other gentlemen; so that the total number amounted to 1200 for whom covers were laid. The nature of the entertainment may be understood, perhaps, by the amount paid to the entrepreneur, M. Dubost, who received, or will receive, 45,000*fr.*, or £1800. His instructions were to do his best, and there is no doubt that he succeeded.

The riflemen entered the building at one o'clock, and a very short time after the cannoniers without announced the approach of the King. His Majesty, who was in full uniform as Lieutenant-General of the army, was received by the entire council of Ministers, the representatives of Brussels and of the communal council. The Royal household was also present, from the secretaries to the chiefs of departments. The Lord Mayor of London and the representative men of the various nations arrived a few minutes before the King, who, after conversing for a short time with those who were to be seated at the Royal table, entered the banqueting-hall amidst a sudden explosion of applause which broke forth simultaneously from all parts of the hall. His Majesty's seat was at the cross table between that of the Lord Mayor and M. de Comminges Guitant, Minister of France; and near the King were Lieutenant-Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, Viscount Bury, Sir Paul Hunter, Colonel Thompson, Lieutenant-Colonel Walmisley, of the 4th Tower Hamlets; and other leaders amongst the English volunteers. The commanders of the other foreign detachments were similarly honoured, and the Rev. Mr. Drury and the Rev. J. Jenkins, the English pastors in Brussels, were amongst the invited guests. As soon as the King was seated the *déjeuner* was served by a perfect army of waiters, who, from their clean and smart appearance, and the dexterity and attention they continually displayed in attending to the wants of all, were evidently practised hands, and men who had not helped at the furnishing of a Royal banquet for the first time.

During the banquet some excellent music was performed by the Société Royale de la Réunion Lyrique, under the leadership of Mr. J. Fischer; and when the cloth was removed an interchange of kindly sentiments took place between the King and the leaders of the several detachments by which nationalities were represented, Colonel Loyd-Lindsay speaking on the part of the English and Major Meder for the French visitors. The whole proceedings gave unbounded satisfaction.

#### THE FASHIONS.

WINTER is advancing with rapid steps; tailors and dressmakers are anxiously awaiting the decisions of the Parisian authorities in the important matter of Fashion, and some of our readers will expect us to record those changes of costume which belong appropriately to the season.

A complete metamorphosis has taken place in the *tout ensemble* of attire. No longer is it desirable to have the dress trimmed with puff, so as to increase the fulness of the contour; the plainest and

simplest style and an almost entire absence of crinoline are now more admired, and far more elegant in appearance. And yet crinoline has not entirely disappeared, although very much simplified and of much smaller dimensions; and a new jupon—the jupon empire—is likely to become a favourite with those who do not desire to dispense entirely with this much-abused article of dress.

The revival of the empire style appears to be "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by the Parisian magnates, and many of the bonnets prepared for the ensuing season have been actually copied from the fashion-books of the time of the first Empire, and require very little modification to make them quite suited to the present taste.

We have seen three elegant robes which have been greatly admired—the robe Parisienne, the robe Salvator, and the robe Vernon. The robe Parisienne may be worn either as walking or indoor dress. It looks extremely well in Havannah brown poplin, trimmed on each breadth with red and black cashmere, arranged in an open pattern, and ornamented with large buttons of ivory enamelled with black. The bodice has two small basques crossed at the back.

The robe Salvator is of the Princesse shape, and has a long train, with basques, made to resemble the Attic paletot, being open at the sides and trimmed with jet ornaments.

The robe Vernon is of the Gabrielle form, and the bottom of the skirt is scalloped and trimmed with a plaiting in taffeta: a cross-way strip is placed at the top of the plaiting. The bodice at the back is arranged *en manteau* and in the front *en tablier*; but we cannot describe the grace and elegant combination of colour of these robes, which unite all that art and fancy can desire.

Many silk robes have double skirts; the upper skirt is usually black, the under coloured; the trimmings should be of the colour of the under skirt. A new sleeve, *à la Juive*, is seen in some dresses. This consists of long lappels hanging from the elbow, black silk and tight sleeves underneath, of the colour of the under skirt. Is not this renewing the fashion of the *moyen âge*?

A black poplin dress, with blue under skirt, should have long hanging black sleeves, and blue tight sleeves underneath.

Very rich dresses may be made in two different materials. Thus, an upper skirt of black cashmere, embroidered and fringed with beads or trimmed with satin or velvet, has a very distinguished appearance when worn with a coloured silk under-skirt, the bodice plain, the sleeves *à la Juive*.

A novelty in trimmings has been introduced in Paris, consisting of narrow bands of fur, either of the marten, black fox, sable, or ermine, placed on a galon of black or some bright colour. Indeed, fur will be greatly used as a trimming this winter. Bonnets will be bordered with ermine or swan's-down; while, for mourning, astracan will be worn, both for muffs and trimmings. We must not omit to mention the géant button, for indoor vests; they are of mother-of-pearl, and are so large that four will be found sufficient for a vest.

Bonnets, instead of being larger, are positively smaller than ever, and yet with the chignon (which is still fashionable, though worn higher than formerly) no style of bonnet can more completely protect the back of the head than does this large bunch of hair; and certainly the half bonnet is much more comfortable than those large-crowned head-coverings which were always falling off at the back and exposing the top of the head, besides being most ungraceful in appearance.

A catalane bonnet of black velvet is embroidered with jet, and has two crimson roses placed, one just above the forehead, the other over the ear, while a third rose fastens two lappels of black lace under the chin. Strings of narrow black ribbon velvet are tied at the back under the chignon.

A bonnet of ponceau velvet had a fringe of jet beads, with a large tulip, also of Imperial ponceau spangled with jet; foliage of the same; strings of ponceau velvet, edged with black.

A round bonnet of green velvet was trimmed with a border of curled grey feathers, with a bunch of crimson and violet shaded geranium underneath. Strings of green velvet, edged with a narrow border of curled grey feathers to correspond with the bonnet. This is a very elegant and novel chapeau, and has been greatly admired. Nothing can be more graceful than the trimming of feathers, which we rejoice to find is becoming so fashionable.

Paletots are made long and short, loose and tight fitting; but the loose paletot will be most worn, for they are made in all materials—velvet, plush, poul de soie, molleton, velveteen, cashmere, and cloth—with trimmings of jet or braid, buttons, gimp, or satin rouleaux. Black velvet paletots for young ladies are made tight fitting, and are trimmed with lace, guipure, and fringes of gretots, with the sleeves *à la Juive*; the under-sleeves of black satin.

Our Engraving represents some of the most fashionable paletots introduced for the present season.

The paletot Mignonette is of black silk velvet, with ornamentation in satin and rich buttons, in a most recherché style.

The paletot Don Juan is one which has long points, embroidered with guipure trimming and passementerie.

The Gabrielle is also pointed and trimmed with guipure, and a galon spangled with jet.

Amongst the fashionable chitchat we hear, apropos of pocket-handkerchiefs, that a Princess, one of the leaders of the mode, has just added to her wardrobe a complete *trousseau de mouchoirs*, consisting of every variety of plain, laced, worked, embroidered, coloured and heraldic material.

#### MUSICAL MEMORANDA.

THE performances at Her Majesty's Theatre call for no particular notice at our hands. "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Der Freischütz," and "Faust" have been represented much as they were represented during the summer. There have been a few changes, however. Thus, the part of Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," is intrusted to Mdle. Wiziak, the one debutante of this autumn season. Mr. Santley, too, has appeared for the first time as Leporello in the same opera—singing the music of the part admirably, as might have been expected, but acting it without the slightest manifestation of humour. If Ronconi had Santley's voice, or if Santley possessed Ronconi's power as a comedian, then we might see a perfect Leporello. As it is, we must be contented with seeing that highly-musical, highly-humorous personage represented by halves. Mdle. Wiziak is no great acquisition to Mr. Mapleson's company. She is almost the only representative of Zerlina we can remember who, both in "Batti-batti" and in "Vedrai carino," fails to obtain an encore. Mr. Holher produces a favourable impression in the two airs sung by Don Ottavio, especially in the frequently-omitted "Dalla sua pace," at the conclusion of which he was recalled. "Don Giovanni" is to be repeated this evening, the last night of Mr. Mapleson's twelve-days season.

The oratorio societies, who seem to pass the summer in a state of torpor, are now waking up for the winter. In England we are condemned to have too much of everything that we are not deprived of altogether. From April to August two Italian opera houses are open; but there is no possibility of hearing an oratorio. From August to November, neither oratorio nor (except by a sort of accident) opera can be heard. From November until April two oratorio societies give, week after week, performances of "The Messiah," "Israel in Egypt," and a few other standard works; but nothing in the shape of an operatic performance is permitted to us. What law of nature makes opera exclusively a summer and oratorio exclusively a winter entertainment?

M. MEISENS, in a recent communication to the French Academy of Sciences, says that, having sustained injuries to the eyes which rendered any strong light painful to him, he tried various sorts of coloured and darkened spectacles, and found that pale blue glasses, covered mechanically with gold leaf, were far superior to any others and gave much more ease to the eyes. Silver leaf was found also to answer the same purpose.

THE CENSUS OF NEW ZEALAND for the year 1865 shows that the population of Auckland was 49,606; of Canterbury, 48,618; of Otago, 46,899; of Wellington, 19,165; of Nelson, 18,920; of Southland, 7048; of Marlborough, 6465; of Taranaki, 4478; and of Hawke's Bay, 4502. There are now 20,000 natives in New Zealand—viz., 15,000 in Auckland, 2500 in Hawke's Bay, 1500 in Taranaki, and 1000 in Wellington.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MR. WALLIS'S TWELFTH WINTER EXHIBITION.

MR. WALLIS this year again takes the gallery of the Society of British Artists and fills it with works of more than ordinary excellence. Our readers may form some idea of the magnitude of this undertaking for a single individual when we mention that the catalogue enumerates nearly five hundred works of art. There are, of course, in so large a number, some that we could wish away; but they are but few, after all—by no means as many as might fairly be expected.

The two principal pictures in the collection are by Mr. Pettie, the recently-elected Associate of the Royal Academy. The first of these is "At Bay" (244), wherein a young Cavalier has been run down by a group of troopers, and turns in desperation for a last stand. He has flung his cloak over his left arm, and stands on the defensive with the skill of a practised fencer. One of his foemen has already bitten the dust, a second has received a thrust in his sword-arm, while a third has so much of the "better part" of valour that it is doubtful if he will cross blades with the gentleman whose white, determined face—the white resulting not from fear, but concentrated rage and energy—might well alarm a stouter soul than our vociferating friend. The only ugly enemy the fugitive has to tackle is the old soldier, who, with lowered blade and watchful eye, is awaiting an opportunity to run in and do mischief. The second picture, "Hudibras and Ralpho in the Stocks" (424), is overflowing with grim humour. The contrast between the two faces, each expressing disgust and depression in its own way, is admirable and unexaggerated; and the quaint odds-and-ends in the foreground—the result of the recent pelting of the prisoned ones—are highly suggestive. The horses, too, are painted with spirit and truth. "Old Mother Hubbard" (189), by the same artist, is also a clever work.

In his "Royalists Seeking Shelter in the Home of a Puritan" (283), Mr. Marcus Stone reasserts his claim to be considered a worthy candidate for the next associateship. It is drawn with a bold and yet careful hand, and the colouring is pleasantly harmonised. Especially charming is the figure of the fair Royalist, as she bends eagerly towards the prim Puritan damsel to pray for safety, less for herself than for the Cavalier who accompanies her.

Mr. Nicol, another of the new Associates, though still finding his materials in the Irish cabin, contrives to give us variety. "Kept In" (242) is a fresh view of hedge-school life, depicted with a delicious truthfulness and appreciation of fun. Two companion works, "Good News" (265) and "Bad News" (274), are fine examples of his masterly style. Mr. Hook, who also takes humble life for his sphere of work, exhibits a noble specimen of his best manner in "Another Dog" (444), wherein a Cornish fisher has just brought to the surface another of those voracious small sharks, a dogfish—a broad hint that it is time to "up anchor and try other fishing-grounds." Mr. Boughton, whose pictures the connoisseurs will not fail to search for in all the exhibitions, contributes a "Rustic Toilet" (363), painted with that grace of colour, composition, and drawing, which has so rapidly attracted attention to his work. "An Eastern Bazaar" (187) shows Mr. Goodall to advantage; while Mr. Orchardson makes much of the old lines,

How delicious is the winning  
Of a kiss at love's beginning,

in No. 237, and Mr. Leslie gives us a graceful little figure in "Phyllis" (285). He excels in this kind of half-fanciful realisation of our great-grandmothers as girls.

Mr. Barnes is so unmistakably one of the main pillars of the society in whose rooms Mr. Wallis exhibits, that it is a decided matter of regret that we do not see more of his admirable work in this collection. One small canvas alone represents him, "A Good Old Soul" (298); but it is so truthful, so earnest, and so exquisite in treatment that it makes us long for more from his hand. Few artists show an equal mastery over as wide a range of subjects. It is hard to say whether he excels most in homely subjects like this, and the poor child in a toyshop, exhibited here a couple of years since, or in such pictures as "Never Again," and the fine work he exhibited last season on these walls.

Of Mr. Tourrier's clever pictures the cleverest is, perhaps, "Alone" (311).

Mr. Long is represented by large pictures, and, according to his rule, selects Spanish subjects. There is much that is admirable in his "Columbus" (323). Miss Osborne, too, essays an ambitious canvas, and succeeds very fairly in her "Betting Peasants" (326\*); while Miss Edwards holds her own thoroughly in "Soul Communion" (460)—in which note especially the admirable stream of sunlight wherein the child bathes its hand—and in "The Message" (464), a not unworthy companion of the "Last Kiss." Mr. Fisk gives us some clever painting and a well-thought-out arrangement in "Lady Douglas" (439). Mr. Bellantyne permits us a peep that is pleasant into "Mr. Millais's Studio" (202); and Mr. Holl maintains, in No. 294, the reputation which he has achieved so rapidly and so worthily. Messrs. Soden and Lidderdale must not be omitted from our enumeration—"The Actor's Reception" (484) by the former is really humorous. Mr. Morris, in No. 382, pays the sincerest form of flattery to Miss Edwards's picture in this year's Academy; Mr. O'Neil, in No. 396, infuses too much gentility into "Mud Pies"; and Mr. Dobson pleases us more in No. 235 than he has done since he first began to paint.

Among the foreign artists whose pictures enrich Mr. Wallis's collection, we need do no more than mention Messrs. Gerome, Bonnat, De Jonghe, Pauwels, Frere, Thom, Nehlig, and last, but not least only in size of canvas, Meissonnier, to assure our readers of the treat in store for them.

Among the landscape-painters—in spite of the presence of some old friends and famous favourites—we must award the first place to Mr. Leader, the most truthful, and therefore finest, painter of nature in our time. "The Black Pool on the Lledr" (355) is one of his happiest efforts. Mr. Vicat Cole, in No. 240, and Mr. G. Cole, in No. 319, maintain the honour of a name inseparably connected with the glories of English scenery; and Mr. Creswick, in No. 161, displays undiminished appreciation of beauty and unimpaired power of reproducing it on canvas.

Mr. Neiman's "View of Clifton" (343) is a vigorous work, abounding in clever passages. Mr. C. J. Lewis paints an "Oat-field, Artois" (286), with his peculiar happiness of touch as well as artistic choice of treatment, and so lends interest to what in feebler hands would be a tame enough sketch. Mr. Gill still retains his mastery of water, and depicts the tumbling torrents and mountain streams with remarkable vigour of drawing and a rare fidelity of colour. His "Gordal Kar" (308) is a most noticeable canvas. Mr. Williams, Mr. C. E. Johnson, Mr. Gilbert—but why will he go on painting so many moonlights?—Mr. Hulme, Mr. Finnie, and Mr. Peel we have frequently had occasion to speak of in terms of praise, and space will not permit us to do more than mention that they have done nothing to lose their claim to the warmest recognition.

Mdme. Peyrol Bonheur and Mr. Weber, with Mr. Cooper, are the representatives of the school of animal-painters. The latter is much the same as usual, the two former are truly admirable. Messrs. Koekkoek, Dawson (jun.), and Cooke are the most notable of the marine-painters in Mr. Wallis's collection. It is to be regretted that he did not enlist the services of Mr. Hayes, whose seas are among the best things in the exhibitions of the society to which the gallery belongs. Miss Muirie acquires herself with her usual felicity in fruit and flower pieces.

Want of space forbids our entering into detailed criticism of the many exquisite water colours which occupy the first room in Mr. Wallis's exhibition. Our readers will, however, perceive at once that that portion of the collection is not passed over for lack of merit when we inform them that Messrs. Watson, Hine, Birket Foster, Earl Haig, E. Duncan, D. Cox, Boughton, S. Prout, and C. Stanfield are contributors to it, and that it includes a study by Mdme. Rosa Bonheur.

Mr. Wallis deserves public thanks for enlivening the dead season with so admirable an exhibition.



LAW AND CRIME.

SOME very remarkable observations, in reference to certain statements in the columns of a contemporary, were made, on Monday last, by the Master of the Rolls. We extract them fully. His Lordship said:—

I find in the money article of the *Standard* newspaper of yesterday a statement to the effect that the liquidators of some companies in course of winding up make loans of considerable amounts at 3 and 4 per cent, for periods of from ten days to a fortnight. I cannot think that the statement applies to official liquidators. The rule of the Court which governs their operation and conduct is very strict. They are required to pay all money which they receive into the bank within seven days after receiving it, and to pass their accounts every fortnight. If they make any default in so doing, they are immediately required by the chief clerk to pass their accounts. The Bar is aware—that I am not sure that the public is aware—that in cases of voluntary windings-up the Court has no control. In cases of voluntary windings-up under the supervision of the Court, the Court has a power of control, as it is possible to call upon the Court to exercise its supervision. Now, the observation which I wish to make is this—that it is highly improper for any official liquidator to employ any money which he receives for any purposes of gaining any profit. If any profit were made, it would belong to the persons to whom the money belonged. But it is impossible that any profit can be made without risk; and, considering the largeness of the sums which pass through the hands of liquidators, it is clear that, if the persons to whom the money is lent should fail to repay it, the loss would fall with grievous severity both on creditors and contributors. I wish it to be known that it is a highly improper proceeding for any liquidator to lend any money in his hands coming to him as liquidator in the case of a winding-up for any period whatever. I also wish to impress on the minds of all persons interested in voluntary windings-up the immense importance of requiring from liquidators sufficient security. Where the voluntary winding-up is under the supervision of the Court, I always require that the liquidator should give ample security. Without attention to that and proper care to insist upon the passing of the liquidator's account there can be no security. When I consider the large numbers of winding-up cases now pending before me, and when I see such statements as that to which I have referred, I am dreadfully apprehensive lest, through negligence or omission, some crash should occur. I have every reason to believe that the newspaper to which I have referred is accurate in its statement, and I am therefore desirous of at once putting down a most improper practice.

It is simply a truism, although it may not have occurred to everybody, that lending money upon high interest is usually mere gambling, equally with betting upon a horse-race; for high interest implies doubtful security. Doubtless persons may be occasionally employed in a public capacity, as liquidators or assignees, without being salaried officials; and, whether official or not, the risking public moneys for their own private benefit would be equally culpable. We could wish that all high judicial authorities would, upon a hint from the press, at once and powerfully reprehend the practice. This the Master of the Rolls has done, without in any way compromising his dignity. It may be that no such custom prevails in any Court except Chancery. But we would certainly wish to call attention to the fact that the messengers in bankruptcy always require certain sums to be deposited with them before they will enter upon possession of a bankrupt's estate; that these sums are usually each of £3 or £5, no matter what may be the value of the property to be seized; that the repayment of the deposit is constantly postponed by these gentry upon various pretences; and that they act upon a self-imposed rule of answering no questions concerning such deposits after twelve o'clock in the day. A return of the sums thus received, with the dates of receipt and repayment respectively, and the history of the cash in the interval, might furnish some interesting facts.

A widow, a poor dressmaker, was afflicted with a toothache so persistent that it took the form of chronic neuralgia. She attended at the North London Hospital, where she was advised to submit to the exhibition of chloroform to facilitate the extraction of several teeth. She regarded the inhalation of chloroform with much dread, because she had once suffered from it, and had been cautioned against it by her medical attendant. The surgeon at the hospital, upon a view of her mouth, saw that nothing but extraction would give relief. It was not a matter of one tooth, but half a dozen, all in various stages of decay and disease. He took an opportunity to apply chloroform, and the patient only recovered sensibility while the fifth tooth was being extracted. She continued very ill, and suffered severely from the shock to her nervous system consequent upon the pain following the operation, and, perhaps, to some extent from the terror with which she had learned to regard the use of the chloroform. She became weaker, until at last she partially lost the use of her limbs. It is not improbable that the same disorder which had in the first instance affected her teeth, not being dispelled by being driven from its painful position, found its way to others, and that in fact the toothache and the debility were only changes of one and the same affection, which medical men term *hysteria*, and which develops itself in numerous and diverse forms. But the poor woman attributed all her subsequent sufferings to the operation and the chloroform. No doubt, she exaggerated even to herself the slight violence which had been necessary for the administration of the vapour. Dr. Statham, upon whom she laid the blame, and against whom she brought the action under notice, appears to have acted towards her with the greatest kindness. He obtained her admission to a sea-bathing infirmary, he supplied her from time to time with money, and he even offered her a pension of 15s. a week, which she refused only because she required £1 weekly instead. It seems hard that these charitable acts should have been brought against the doctor as confirmation of a complaint of assault and malpractice. It is not at all difficult to conceive that a medical gentleman of high and well-earned reputation, not only for science, but success in a special branch of his profession, might well be willing to do his utmost for a patient in a desperate case who had sufficient grounds for inducing in an unscientific mind the belief that his treatment had actually done harm. It really seems to be a disgrace to our legal procedure that such a dispute as this, between patient and surgeon, should have been submitted to the arbitration of a dozen tradesmen selected—not for intellect, acquirement, or judicial capacity, but *alphabetically*! The poor fellows could not decide. There was medical evidence on one side; there was medical evidence on the other. How could these unfortunate prisoners (for juries are prisoners) give any judgment upon

a question involving a practical acquaintance with the physiology of hysteria? Their position was simply anomalous and absurd. Had they firmly declined to decide in the matter, their refusal might have been justified by common-sense. But, instead of so doing, they differed in opinion—as if the opinion of half their number, not to say the whole, could have been of any value beyond the adventitious force given to it by the accident of its having been legally required. They could not agree, and were discharged, which, from such a tribunal, was the best result that could have been hoped for.

Poor Mr. Webber, the surgeon, of Tunbridge Wells, has, it appears, not yet been discharged from prison, although an order for his release was made last week. It seems that the detaining creditor is allowed thirty days to appeal against the discharge. After the remarks of the Commissioner in Bankruptcy upon the long imprisonment of Mr. Webber and the opposition to his petition, this continued resistance to his release assumes the aspect of persecution.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THERE has been an improved feeling in the Market for Home Securities this week, and the quotations have been on the advance. Consols, 104½; 3½ per Cent. India, 104½; 4½ per Cent. India, 104½; 5 per Cent. India, 104½; 6 per Cent. India, 104½; 7 per Cent. India, 104½; 8 per Cent. India, 104½; 9 per Cent. India, 104½; 10 per Cent. India, 104½; 11 per Cent. India, 104½; 12 per Cent. India, 104½; 13 per Cent. India, 104½; 14 per Cent. India, 104½; 15 per Cent. India, 104½; 16 per Cent. India, 104½; 17 per Cent. India, 104½; 18 per Cent. India, 104½; 19 per Cent. India, 104½; 20 per Cent. India, 104½; 21 per Cent. India, 104½; 22 per Cent. India, 104½; 23 per Cent. India, 104½; 24 per Cent. India, 104½; 25 per Cent. India, 104½; 26 per Cent. India, 104½; 27 per Cent. India, 104½; 28 per Cent. India, 104½; 29 per Cent. India, 104½; 30 per Cent. India, 104½; 31 per Cent. India, 104½; 32 per Cent. India, 104½; 33 per Cent. India, 104½; 34 per Cent. India, 104½; 35 per Cent. 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